

The Rotarian

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE



MARCH • 1958

A Visit with Albert Schweitzer

Pictorial by Hans Steiner

■
Delhi—Nitish C. Laharry

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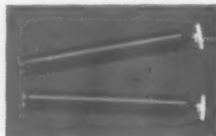
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LETTERS

'Seven Most Beautiful Harbors'

Named by HUNLEY ABBOTT, *Rotarian Past Service*
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From cover to cover the Travel Issue [THE ROTARIAN for January] is wonderful.

Regarding Lowell Thomas' *My Ten Favorite Places*, I would like to mention my seven most beautiful harbors:

1. Rio de Janeiro, most beautiful in the world.
2. New York, for its skyline.
3. Hong Kong, Chinese bowl of jewels.
4. Capetown, for its backdrop of mountains.
5. San Francisco, for its bridges and Nob Hill.
6. Valparaiso, Chile, amphitheater of the South.
7. Havana, for its Morro Castle.

All these I have seen; no doubt there are others equally wonderful.

I call my Rotary button "Aladdin's Lamp" because I have only to rub it in another land and hosts of friends grasp my hand.

Happy Memories Recalled

For GENE CONKLIN, *Rotarian Senior Active*
Hutchinson, Kansas

Happy birthday to THE ROTARIAN! And congratulations on the outstanding Travel Issue! Every story and picture brings back happy memories of our own travels, made happier by the fact that through Rotary our world travels have been high-lighted by the unfailing hospitality of Rotary friends, in their homes and at Club meetings.

It has been stated that wars throughout history have been started largely by untravelling men, and that travel is the passport to peace, with which I heart-

ily agree. Rotary's continuing effort to advance international understanding, goodwill, and peace can be well implemented by the growth of person-to-person contacts of men of different nationalities, but of one universal hope and prayer, wrapped up in a single, five-letter word: peace.

Visits Clubs from A to Z

Reports W. MCK. WHITE, *Rotarian Road-Building Machinery Mfr.*
Elkhart, Indiana

Congratulations on the Travel Issue [January, 1958]. I particularly enjoyed Fred B. Barton's *Join Rotary and See the World*.

I think I have somewhat of a record apropos his article and have found no Rotarian with its equal. To date I have visited 347 Rotary Clubs in 21 countries.

I start with Aberdeen, Idaho, and end with Zurich, Switzerland, with 345 Clubs in between. They are in every State in the U.S.A., all Canadian Provinces, and 19 other nations. Nearly all my visits to Clubs have been during business trips or while going to or coming from 15 Conventions of Potary International.

I heartily support Fred Barton's advice to visit lots of Rotary Clubs to develop one's acquaintanceship as an opportunity, as well as for personal gratification.

Friendship Recipe: Hospitality

Told by JOHN L. LEACH, *Twine Mfr. Secretary, Rotary Club*
Manila, The Philippines

Fred B. Barton concludes his interesting article, *Join Rotary and See the World* [THE ROTARIAN for January], with the words "friendly faces and a hearty welcome." I think all of us have experienced this as we have attended Rotary meetings wherever we are "making up." Long-time friendships have resulted. We try to get them started here in Manila. Here is a case in point:

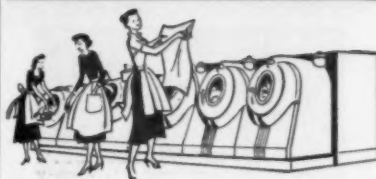
One day one of the members of our Club, Past District Governor Mariano Lichauco, noted a couple outside our meeting place on meeting day. Suspecting they were strangers, he asked if he could be of service to them. They introduced themselves as the Jack Rankins of Stratford, New Zealand. They had just arrived on a freighter and had expected to leave the same day at noon, but because of delay in unloading they would not get away until that evening. A Rotarian, Jack Rankin wanted to "make up" in Manila, but as his wife knew no one in Manila he didn't want to leave her.

Marianito invited both to attend the Rotary meeting, after which he took them on a sight-seeing tour of the city, then to his home for tea. He entertained

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MARCH, 1958

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This new device offers sight-saving classes an exceptional new reading aid. In addition, many students with impaired vision can now attend regular classes. Pilot models, field tested by visually handicapped children, have been enthusiastically accepted by them. Low cost makes the AO Projection Magnifier attractive to school budgets and well within the means of any family needing one to assist in home study.

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them until it was time for their boat to leave.

Two months later Marianito received a letter from Past District Governor William Gordon expressing his appreciation for the courtesy extended to the Rankins. "They were greatly impressed by your reception of them," Bill wrote, "and it has done Jack a lot of good. He is comparatively new to Rotary, and your generous hospitality has given him a new conception of what Rotary means."

Fred Barton knew whereof he spoke!

Caribbean Comment

By FRANK BENNETT, *Rotarian*
Cotton-Goods Manufacturer
Anniston, Alabama

Eleanor Early's *The Sunny Isles for Me* [THE ROTARIAN for January] was refreshing. I would have enjoyed it in any case, but I did particularly because only recently did I return from a vacation in the Caribbean, the locale of the Sunny Isles.

We saw many things and new peoples. We saw, for example, a new country where voting is required by law; where its new city has startling growths of skyscrapers and towers and bridges and silver strands of six-lane highways boring through mountains 10,000 and 12,000 feet high. This is a country without a national debt, and yet eggs are \$2.50 a dozen. This is a country born of oil and iron.

We also saw in the same country sleepy little towns with immaculate town squares and statues of the national heroes. We saw men sitting on benches discussing the things that men talk about, and in the distance we could hear the music of the region as it cast a spell over the afternoon.

It has made us wonder; it has made us attempt to find in all this something of value. We have decided that there is great value in all of it: the church service aboard ship, the towering city, the magic afternoon in the park, even the naked children playing in the jungle stream. We decided that it takes all these together, and more, to create that which we call life. We have decided that we are fortunate to be able to pull this curtain aside and glance beyond our door, and in so doing we learned more about ourselves.

We plan to return, for we feel that one's first duty is to know himself. If you know yourself, you shall know your neighbor. If you know your neighbor, you shall know your nation and world. If you know this, then you shall know God.

'Alike As Two Peas in a Pod'

Finds C. R. C. JARRATT
Honorary Rotarian
Concord, California

Just as pen-pal correspondence initiated Jean Bowie Shor's friendships in Europe [It's Europe for Me, THE ROTARIAN for January], so work on the International Service Committee of my Club sparked our desire to go to Europe. We reasoned, "Why not carry Concord's

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Unburdened

*He wanted peace of mind, he said,
And put all trouble from his head
From dawn till time to go to bed.
He let his peace of mind accrue
By letting others fret and stew
And worry if they wanted to.
Such happy souls I like to see
Until I learn how eagerly
They borrow their tranquillity
By loading burdens onto me.*

—ROTARIAN CLIFFORD FORD

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goodwill messages personally to our Rotary friends overseas?" No sooner thought than done, and we were on our way with an itinerary of nine countries to cover. A full story of Rotarian kindnesses showered on us as we traversed, unannounced and unheralded, these European countries would fill a book.

The problem of how to get around when we got there was met even before we started. An airmail postcard to an advertiser in THE ROTARIAN brought within a week the assurance from a London Rotarian that a car would be waiting for us on our arrival in England. It was, and in the glove compartment were an international driver's license, a paid-up travel-insurance policy, and a gas credit card for anywhere the car went.

At each port of call we found Rotarians hospitable and friendly: Worthing, on the South Coast of England; Newquay, another seaside resort in Cornwall; Seaford, where I participated in a free-for-all lively debate on a current "hot" subject (the British excel in this off-the-cuff kind of program for they are past masters in the art of extemporary speaking); London, where grace is sung in all the beauty and rhythm of a Gregorian chant; Gloucester, where I enjoyed the privilege of joining in the celebration of Youth Day.

In France, whether we were in the heart of Paris or in the suburbs, the welcome was just the same spontaneous graciousness and consideration, for every welcoming Rotarian host "descended" to the lingual level of "us one-language Americans."

And so it went . . . in Switzerland, where in Lucerne a busy Past Governor of Rotary International took time to help me and my wife with souvenir buying for our grandchildren . . . in Sweden, where it seems English is spoken by every man, woman, and child, and where I played a round of golf with a Past Governor who is now aide de camp to the King of Sweden . . . and on and on.

Our goodwill jaunt proved that regardless of language or nationality, we are as alike as two peas in a pod. I came back with rich and precious memories, a better understanding and appreciation of other people's and other nations' viewpoints, and a solid conviction that as long as we [Continued on page 60]

THIS ROTARY MONTH

NEWS FROM 1600 RIDGE AVENUE, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

NOMINEE. Clifford A. Randall, a lawyer of Milwaukee, Wis., is the choice of the Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International for 1958-59. For a brief biography of him, see page 44.

PRESIDENT. As presstime neared for this issue, President Charles G. Tennent had just finished presiding at a week-long session of the Board of Directors—a report of this meeting to be included in the April issue. Following the meeting, the President dispatched numerous administrative matters on his desk, then set off on a brief round of Rotary visits in the U. S. South and West. A European itinerary is also on his schedule, with attendance at the annual RIBI Conference, in Blackpool, England, April 24-27, to be included.

MEETINGS. Magazine Committee.....February 24-25.....Evanston, Ill.
Finance Committee.....March 24-25.....Evanston, Ill.

CONVENTION. Plans for entertainment, hospitality, and other program features are moving ahead for Rotary's 1958 Convention in Dallas, Tex., June 1-5. Hotel-reservation forms for accommodations in Dallas or Fort Worth have been distributed. Up to and including March 15, reservations will be made in the order of their receipt, with those coming the farthest distance from Dallas being assigned first. After that date requests will be handled in the order of their receipt, regardless of distance. All correspondence regarding the Convention should be addressed to the Rotary International Convention Office, Baker Hotel, Dallas, Tex.

1958-59 FELLOWS. In session as this issue was "closing" was the Rotary Foundation Fellowships and International Student Exchange Committee. Out of its four-day meeting were to come the names of some 125 young men and women, the winners of Fellowship awards for 1958-59. These new awards will bring the total expenditure from the Foundation for Fellowships to more than 2½ million dollars.

ACTING GOVERNORS. To fill the Governorship left vacant by the death of Kantilal C. Munshaw, of Ahmedabad, India, President Tennent appointed Past District Governor Govind Wagle, of Indore, India, Acting Governor of District 305. Because of ill health and on his doctor's orders, Neslen K. Forster, of Pacific Palisades, Calif., resigned as Governor of District 528, and President Tennent appointed Past District Governor John W. English, of Santa Monica, Calif., Acting Governor of that District.

REMINDER. Rotary Clubs in the U.S.A. and Canada that intend to propose a candidate for international Director for 1958-59 and 1959-60 have been reminded that April 1—a date set by RI By-Laws—is the deadline for filing the name of a candidate with the Secretary of Rotary International. Affected are U.S.A. Zones 4 and 5 and Western Canada.

VITAL STATISTICS. On January 28, 1958, there were 9,682 Rotary Clubs and an estimated 454,000 Rotarians in 108 countries and geographical regions. New Clubs since July 1, 1957, totalled 178.

The Object of Rotary:

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

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The Editors'

WORKSHOP

WHEN you reached the end of *The Truth about Texas* last month, you found Lewis Nurdyke telling the story of a "Texas brag" in reverse . . . a boast about having the smallest post office in the whole U.S.A.—at Little Elm. We're sorry, but we can't let Texas have that claim. A colleague has just brought us a copy of *Ford Times* for December, 1957. In it writer-photographer Mildred Greene starts an article thus: "The old post office at Wheeler Springs, California, is a vine-covered stamp-size building that measures only five by seven feet." That cuts the ground out from under the Little Elm boast by three feet in each direction.

WE WERE HAPPY to see that *The Reader's Digest* magazine picked up and presented in its December, 1957, issue our article *The Women Who Work for You*, by Cleo Dawson. We were still happier to learn that *Digest* staff people regarded it as one of the most discussable articles in that issue. On pages 14-16 you see still another result of the piece. Incidentally, Dr. Dawson used to be on the panel of speakers for Rotary's Institutes of International Understanding, which many readers will remember having attended in the '30s and '40s.

AS THIS is written, scores, hundreds, maybe even thousands of Rotary Clubs are staging weekly programs they have titled something like *If I Were Editor of Our Magazine*. On the suggestion of the Magazine Committee of Rotary International, a kit of programs including one by that title went to thousands of Clubs. Now every mail to this workshop brings reports from Clubs on their views and preferences. We have a few of those "kits" left over. You are welcome to one as long as they last, and free, of course.

AND along that line we have on hand a few extra reprints of that symposium *If I Were 16 Again* from our December, 1957, issue. A number of readers ordered sizable quantities and we ran off some to spare. You may have up to 25 free for the writing and as long as they last, which may not be long.

WATCH future issues for major articles on: the European Community, the Colombo Plan, the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Seaway, and the Brussels World's Fair, and for more of those stories about typical Rotarians and their families. All in the advanced stages of development, and all, we think, worth your while.

ON A WALL in our Files and Library we've recently hung a huge new chart. Visually it's not very exciting, but statistically—well, it gives us at a glance the basic encyclopedic data on 88 countries of the world . . . 39 columns of data, in fact. If you want the name of the concern which publishes it, just write us. Only trying to be helpful to you.

MANY of you have said you liked our February cover—the Texas-ranch scene. You will be pleased to hear, as we just were, that the photographer who took the picture (John McKinney) was a Rotarian for quite a while. "Some of the best hours of my life have been as a member of Rotary," he writes, explaining that he held membership in Hartwell, Georgia. "It grieved me to withdraw, but it was impossible for me to keep up my attendance because I am in the field most of the time shooting pictures."



Our Cover

THE PICTURE gives you a glimpse of a "dummy horse show" in South India. Performers fasten these gilded chargers to their bodies "and dance to the merriment of spectators. This art is one of the many facets of rural entertainment in India." We are quoting the man who took the photograph—T. S. Satyan, of Saraswathipuram, Mysore, a 33-year-old magazine photographer and feature writer who has been placing his creations in publications the world around for a decade. He feels that there is considerable "misunderstanding about India in the minds of people abroad" and that photography can help clear it up. For many people the Conference in Delhi which Ned Laharry previews will also make India clearer. His article is the first of a number we expect to present on India and Asia between now and next November. Are you planning to go to Delhi? You'll be very welcome there, you know.—THE EDITORS.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Michigan-born ESSON M. GALE served as counsellor to overseas students and director of the International Center at the University of Michigan for 12 years. He is now visiting professor at Korea University. An authority on China, he has held Government posts there, holds three decorations from the Republic of China.



Gale

BURGES JOHNSON has enjoyed success in two fields: teaching and writing. He taught at Vassar, Syracuse University, and Union College. His writing includes many books, scores of magazine articles. He lives in New York.

Texan OREN ARNOLD, a veteran free-lancer, is an Arizonian and Californian by residence. His literary output: 22 books, hundreds of articles. . . . ROTARIAN J. E. PARRY, of Bournemouth, England, is headmaster of the Bournemouth School. . . . Photographer HANS STEINER (below), a Swiss, took the Schweitzer photos in this issue. His photographic assignments have taken him all over Europe. He prefers unposed pictures that "capture feelings during a key moment."



Arnold



Three Lions

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IN THIS ISSUE

VOLUME XCH

MARCH, 1958

NUMBER 3

This Rotary Month.....	3
The Dean of the Corps.....	6
From Poise to Peace..... J. E. PARRY.....	9
Delhi..... NITISH C. LAHARRY.....	10
Yes! Dr. Dawson. No! Dr. Dawson (Symposium).....	14
Prize-Winning Letters from Catherine LeFevre, Corinne K. Flemings, Mary G. Stephenson, Norah L. Wallace, T. Jansen-Jaski	
A Prize Planting.....	17
Albert Schweitzer and Friends.....	18
What's Happened to the Old Farm..... HAROLD SEVERSON.....	24
We Call It ROTA..... T. RALPH VERNON.....	28
Walking for Fun!.....	31
Rotary Day in No Man's Land..... ESSON M. GALE.....	32
Peeps at Things to Come..... ROGER W. TRUESDAIL.....	35
Slick Way to Build a College..... OREN ARNOLD.....	36
The Good in Gossip..... BURGES JOHNSON.....	38
Elder Statesmen—in Council.....	41
Speaking of Books..... JOHN T. FREDERICK.....	42
He Gave It All Away.....	52
Other Features and Departments:	

Your Letters.....	1	Singing Ambassadors.....	51
Unburdened.....	2	Rotary Foundation.....	
The Editors' Workshop.....	4	Contributions.....	54
Where Did You Get That Hat?.....	16	Bedrock Rotary—Club Service.....	
No Hunting—without.....		—What Is It?.....	56
Coöperation.....	27	Opinion.....	57
In Rotary Together.....	40	They Made It in One!.....	58
Personalalia.....	44	Hobby Hitching Post.....	62
Rotary Reporter.....	46	Stripped Gears.....	64



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The Dean

FOR 47 years Wilhelm Munthe de Morgenstierne had served the Kingdom of Norway as a diplomat. Thirty of those years he had spent in the United States of America and 16 of them as Ambassador to that country. For the past decade he had ranked as dean of the diplomatic corps in Washington, D. C. Now His Excellency was retiring. On his farewell visit to the White House, he said to President Eisenhower, "I have spent much of my life in this country and have grown to love it more than any other, after Norway, which will always come first."

The close of this long and distinguished career stirred feelings of respect and gratitude throughout Washington. In its Rotary Club these feelings led to action. From Norwegian-born Mark Evans, a television broadcaster, came the idea of honoring the revered diplomat at a Rotary meeting to be attended by Ambassadors from many lands. "It would be an especially fitting way to honor the dean," he pointed out, "for it would also advance world understanding a notch."

The day of the occasion dawned snowy and bright—a "good Norwegian day" it was called—and when the meeting began, Ambassadors of 27 nations were present to bid farewell to their colleague and to share in Rotary's special brand of international fel-

lowship. Representing countries from Finland to the Union of South Africa, and from China to Luxembourg, these high governmental representatives lined up to shake the hand of the retiring Ambassador and to wish him well.

In this company of friends and associates, Ambassador Morgenstierne saw many reminders of his native land. His chief host, Club President Leonard M. Elstad, proved to be of Norwegian origin (incidentally, he heads famous Gallaudet College for the deaf). And Wisconsin's Senator Alexander Wiley, the speaker of the day, proudly called attention to his Norwegian ancestry. In his farewell message, the Ambassador spoke of his fondness for the U. S. capital city, and revealed his plans to remain as one of its residents. "My family has grown up here," he said. "My daughters were born here and work in the United States. I could not leave them."

The meeting ended on a high note when President Elstad, Rotarian Evans, and several others, remembering Senator Wiley's comment that "it's too bad we aren't going to sing Norway's national anthem," quickly surrounded Ambassador Morgenstierne. Without benefit of rehearsal they raised their voices in *Ja, vi elsker dette landet*—Yes, We Love Our Native Land. And, touched, the guest joined right in.

As the crowd left the Mayflower Hotel, everybody had a good feeling inside.



Guests from the world of diplomacy at the head table give it the appearance of an international conference. Seated (left to right) are: Ralph W. Lee III, Club Sergeant at Arms; Mark Evans, Club International Service Committeeman; F. Eugene Richter, Club Vice-President; S. G. M. van Voorst tot Voorst, Minister of The Netherlands; Tiburcio Carías, Jr., Ambassador of Honduras; Mauricio L. Yadarola, Ambassador of Argentina; Osvaldo Chavez, Ambassador of Paraguay; W. C. du Plessis, Ambassador of the Union of South Africa; Gonzalo J. Facio, Ambassador of Costa Rica; Hollington K. Tong, Ambassador of China; Victor A. Khouri, Ambassador of Lebanon; Manila Brosio, Ambassador of Italy; Moekarto Notowidigdo, Ambassador of the Indonesian Republic; Sir Percy Spender, Ambassador of Australia; Luis Esteves Fernandes, Ambassador of Portugal; Erik Boheman, Ambassador of Sweden; Senator Alexander Wiley, of Wisconsin; Ambassador Morgenstierne; Leonard M. Elstad, Club President; Henrik de Kauffmann, Ambassador of Denmark; John Joseph Hearne, Ambassador of Ireland; You Chan Yang, Ambassador of Korea; Manuel Tello, Ambassador of Mexico; Johan A. Nykopp, Ambassador of Finland; Heinz L. Kreckler, Ambassador of Germany; Hugues Le Galia, Ambassador of Luxembourg; Ali Amin, Ambassador of Iran; Ernani do Amaral Peixoto, Ambassador of Brazil; Ibrahim Anla, Ambassador of the Republic of Sudan; Julio A. Lacarte, Ambassador of Uruguay; Henry de Torrente, Ambassador of Switzerland; Jose Gutierrez-Gomez, Ambassador of Colombia; Eduardo A. Leon, Minister of the Dominican Republic; Wilbur S. Wimmer, Governor of Rotary District 702; O. E. Reed, Chairman of the Club International Service Committee; Harold G. Cummings, Immediate Past Club President; Robert C. Hill, U. S. Ambassador to Mexico; L. Arnold Engel, Rotary Club Secretary.



of the Corps

The Norwegian Ambassador was ending a long career in statecraft. The tribute Rotarians arranged spoke the thanks of thousands.



The standing ovation given him still echoing, Ambassador Morgenstjerne recalls some of the high lights of his long career. "Tradition has it," he said, "that prolonged service in one country is not good for a diplomat. This has not been true for me. I have kept the love for my own country as well as my affection for the United States." He has received decorations from five countries, and holds honorary degrees from several U. S. colleges. In 1942 he became Norwegian Ambassador, and in 1948 he became dean of the diplomatic corps. His retirement came at 70.



Ja, vi elsker dette landet. The meeting ending, up jump Senator Wiley (center), Mark Evans (right), and others to sing spontaneously the Norwegian anthem. The honored guest joins in.

Photo by
Bettmann A. D. Ashed

(Continued on page 8)





Proudly claiming Norwegian ancestors of his own, Wisconsin's Senator Alexander Wiley pays tribute to the Norwegian Ambassador (left) in the address of the day. At right is Henrik de Kauffmann, Denmark's Ambassador to the United States.



Dr. Hollington K. Tong, Ambassador of China, is welcomed by W. Paul Hoffman.



The "Sea Chanters," a U.S. Navy choral group, sings a rousing song of the sea, in addition to other special numbers for the occasion.



"Welcome to our meeting," says Leonard M. Elstad, Club President, to Luis Esteves Fernandes (left), Ambassador of Portugal. At right, Senator Wiley waits to extend his own greeting.

The Mayflower Hotel, meeting place of the Rotary Club of Washington, D. C.

From Poise to Peace

*Some reflections on the quest for happiness in a frantic era
which too little heeds our inner needs.*

By J. E. PARRY

Headmaster, Bournemouth School; Rotarian, Bournemouth, England

IT MAY be true that this is a "great time to be alive," but it is equally true that no era has felt greater strain and stress. The climate of our time is particularly inhospitable to the life of the spirit. Such is the speed of the age that our souls have little chance to catch up with our bodies, and breathless change gives us no opportunity to plan our direction. The old ways of faith tend to be demoded. The absolutes seem gone.

We are idolators. We worship the things we have made with our own hands, and never have we had so wide a range of such idols. The pathetic result is individual and mass neuroticism.

We live, shielded from Nature by an advanced technology, protected by good laws from the assaults of criminals, and mostly preserved from want by an adequate income. Yet we remain in bondage to bad habits and psychosomatic disorders which often render us odious to ourselves and intolerable to others.

While I subscribe to many profound diagnoses of our present ills, my theme is the modest one of suggesting that most civilized men make use of their organisms in ways which positively guarantee them internal turmoil.

All of us are surrounded by an emotional atmosphere just as we are surrounded by air, and we can suffer from pollution of our emotions as we can suffer from the air we breathe. A strong feeling of resentment is as likely to cause disease as is a germ. No wonder peptic ulcers are ubiquitous. There is, however, a link between emotions and their expression. Compressed lips and

eyebrows and a puckered forehead supply fuel for the flame of emotion. Ease the contracted muscles and the irritation tends to pass.

There has been much dispute among psychologists on this very point: where expression ends and emotion begins. The classic account of the sequence is this: stimulus—you see a bear; emotion—you are afraid; expression—you run. America's William James and Denmark's Carl Lange disputed this theory. According to them you see a bear, run, and are afraid. The expression or the running is the cause, not the consequence, of the emotion. The raised upper lip, bared teeth, and dilated nostrils, for example, are fuel which feeds the fire of emotion. Suppress them and the emotion is diluted.

As pure psychology, the James-Lange theory is not very fashionable but there is some evidence that control of expression can control feeling, that there is a way through external poise to essential peace. The conquest of happiness may be, after all, the pursuit of poise.

We tend to live in a riot of emotional expression. Why is everyone snapped grinning? A grin lacks variety and grace. It portrays vacuity and nothing else. Against this orgy of expression we plead for poise. It can be urged for physical efficiency. The greater the exponent of any game, the less of superfluous motion he exhibits. Poise is always the counterpart of power. In our social gather-

ings were it not better to avoid being facially all things to all men?

The perennial attraction of Mona Lisa is her ineffable poise and it is the source of her immortality.

Propaganda tempts us to external entertainment, but poise and peace emanate from our internal resources. However, there seem to be three forms of entertainment that test our adequacy to meet the challenge of life.

First, can we entertain a new idea? Are we free from prejudice and preconceived notions? To readjust and reorient our attitude and practice is the *pursuit of truth*.

Secondly, do we know how to entertain other persons? Are we free from the smugness of superior intellect, birth, position, or social prestige? The art of human relationship is great. That is the *quest of goodness*.

Thirdly, do we know how to entertain ourselves? Have we an inner life devoid of outward ministrations? This is the secret of serenity—to find oneself absorbed by something higher than oneself. Here we find kinship with the eternal and commerce with great causes, ideals, and values. This is the *search for beauty*. Thus Emerson: "Into every beautiful object there enters something immeasurably divine."

In this threefold form of entertainment we have the open sesame to the kind of peace which cometh not by anxious preoccupation with the march of events but by inspiration. This is the way to the haven where the instincts cease from troubling and the emotions are at rest.

Quest EDITORIAL

Delhi

Here in India's capital, where modern and ancient wonders blend, Rotary will hold its 1958 Asia Regional Conference.

By NITISH C. LAHARRY

RAMSAY MACDONALD, the former British Prime Minister, was once discussing with an important official the possibility of lasting peace. "Desire for peace does not necessarily ensure it," said the cynical official. "Quite true," replied the Prime Minister, "neither does the desire for food satisfy your hunger, but, at least, it gets you started toward a restaurant."

Peace? Rotarians believe in the concept that "peace begins in the minds of men" and that if this peace is to be realized "the defenses of peace must also be built in the minds of men." One of Rotary's important tenets is "the advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service."

This is neither the time nor the place to go into a detailed account how opportunities are planned and provided for individual Rotarians to pursue this ideal; but the pundits of Rotary have found from experience that the holding of Regional Conferences in various parts of the world fosters and expands that feeling of oneness which is the first step toward bringing about the much desired state of goodwill and understanding amongst all.

Today we have in the world 9,679 Clubs and 454,000 Rotarians in 108 countries and geographical regions. Fantastic as it may seem to you, I emphatically claim that the regular personal association of Rotarians all over the world, with Rotary and its objectives in their minds, creates a psychological force of immense importance for the ultimate unification of the world.

The Kutab Minar, a stone tower completed about 1190, commands a panoramic view of Delhi from the south.

(Inset) The top of a pillar on which the great ruler Asoka carved the law.



Photo: India Ministry of L. and B.



Built of red sandstone and white marble, Delhi's Juma Masjid is said to be the biggest and most beautiful mosque in all India.

Fantastic? Has the world forgotten today the dynamic achievement of that great sage and saint Mahatma Gandhi toward the creation of what he called "Soul Force" which resulted in the independence of several countries in an atmosphere of goodwill and friendliness—without bloodshed or revolutions?

It is, therefore, not only in the fitness of things but also in accordance with the tempo of the times in which we live that President Charles G. Tennent should have officially called a regional meeting for Asia to be held in Delhi November 21-24, 1958.

India has been selected as the venue of the 1958 Asia Regional Conference of Rotary International, and in spite of the fact that many people consider modern India to be a bit of an enigma, I am inclined to believe that the decision is the logical one. It is a fact that throughout her long history, stretching to 6,000 or 7,000 years, India has never fought an aggressive war; but in spite of this you meet distinct traces of Indian history, culture, and tradition in countries like Babylon, Mesopotamia, Afghanistan, Indonesia, the Island of Bali, Malaya, Thailand, Cambodia, as well as in some countries of the West. All this was achieved not through violence or war, but through missionary and cultural efforts—not with a view to subjugating any country, but with the idea of spreading the great message that peace comes from realizing the essential oneness of all humanity.

"To know my country," wrote the great sage and

Nobel-Laureate Tagore, "one has to travel to that age when she realized her soul and thus transcended her physical boundaries, when she revealed her being in a radiant magnanimity which illumined the eastern horizon."

Historians consider India's civilization to be one of the world's oldest. When the Aryans first came to India some 4,000 years ago, they found a highly developed civilization with well-planned cities, paved roads, houses of burnt brick, well-conceived and executed drainage systems, universities, schools, and monasteries.

Most of the world's great religions are represented in India—Hinduism, Christianity, Islam, Buddhism, and Zoroastrianism. Hinduism may be said to be a way of life and a fellowship of faiths. It believes in the oneness of the Supreme Soul, of which individual souls are but different manifestations. Eventually, the individual soul, through the law of Karma,

"Ned" Laharry, a Past Second Vice-President of Rotary International, is the Chairman of Rotary's 1958 Asia Regional Conference Committee. By profession an advocate of the High Court, he was graduated from the University of Calcutta, India. For many years he has been a distributor of motion pictures, with offices in Calcutta, where he makes his home. He has been a member of the Rotary Club of Calcutta since 1926.



merges into the universal consciousness through the evolutionary process of growth and development—here and in other dimensions of time and space.

Islam and Muslim thought made a powerful impact in India and brought about a new synthesis of culture. Muslim kings enriched India's architectural heritage by building tombs and mosques, including the famous Taj Mahal in Agra.*

India is a country of extremes—from the towering snow-clad peaks in the undulating Himalayan ranges to the vast plains, plateaus, and fertile fields of the Punjab and Central India, to the barren and sandy wastes of Rajasthan and the mysterious jungles of Bengal and Malabar. The people, too, are just as diverse as their scenic background, but they have been knit together through the ages by the same culture, religion, and traditions.

Rotarians in India are delighted to think that they will have a chance to entertain Rotarians and their families from all over Asia and from many other parts of the world at the Asia Regional Conference of Rotary International. Plans are being formulated for providing a program which will be representative of the culture and traditions of this part of the world. The four-day program will be inaugurated by a personality of distinction in this part of the world and will include plenary sessions with important speakers, discussion assemblies, a banquet, and an evening of entertainment in the best traditions of the Orient. The sessions will be held at the Vigyan Bhavan, which was especially constructed by the Government of India for such international meetings. It is here that meetings of UNESCO and other important international organizations are held. It is a modern structure with all conveniences and facilities and can accommodate up to 3,000 people.

Since Rotary International held its first Regional Conference in Honolulu, Hawaii, in 1926, there have been 14 of them in five different Regions. The most recent one was the Pacific Regional Conference in Sydney, Australia, in 1956. As you may recall, there was to have been a 1957 Regional Conference in Havana, Cuba, last November, but the Board of Directors of Rotary International postponed it because attendance prospects did not appear favorable owing to conditions prevailing in several parts of the Region.

As I have indicated, these Conferences are held for purposes of fellowship and the exchange of ideas and inspiration. They have no legislative function. They bring people from a given Region together, though all Rotarians and their families from whatever country are always welcome. The Region which our coming Conference in Delhi specifically embraces includes Burma, Cambodia, Ceylon, China, Federation of Malaya, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Iraq, Iran, Israel, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lebanon, Macao, Marianas Islands, North Borneo, Pakistan, The Philippines, Sarawak, Singapore, Syria, Thailand, Turkey, and Vietnam.

The organization of the Conference is under the direction of the Board of Directors of Rotary International and the 1958 Regional Conference Com-

mittee of Rotary International, with the enthusiastic cooperation of the host Club of Delhi. The Secretary of RI is the Secretary of the Conference.

The Asia Regional Conference will, I am sure, give an added impetus to the growth of Rotary in India and surrounding areas. India is particularly suited for the growth and expansion of Rotary, for the simple reason that from ages past its basic creed has been Service above Self. The great Indian Scripture Bhagavad Gita states, "To work is your right but never to the fruits thereof." The answer, therefore, to the question as to the slowness of the growth of Rotary in this country lies in the fact that Rotary requires an advanced state of industrial development in any country for its proper development. Since its independence, India is going forward in its industrialization schemes, and the growth of Rotary in new places is most encouraging. It is my conviction

Photo: India Ministry of L. and B.



The circular Parliament House is one of many Government buildings in New Delhi, India's modern, planned capital.

that within the next quarter of a century Asia will be in a position to promote as many Clubs as in any other continent. Today our five Districts have 194 Rotary Clubs and 7,500 Rotarians.

New Delhi is the capital of the modern Republic of India, which came into existence August 15, 1947. Delhi has a fine Rotary Club with a membership of 133. It was established in 1939. Our host Club is confident that we shall have a record attendance at this Conference not only from many parts of Asia but from many other parts of the world. The President of Rotary International will personally preside at the Conference.

That great Ambassador of humanness Chester Bowles has said, "Wherever you turn in India, history literally stares you in the face." In Delhi itself you will find everywhere ruined walls, monuments, mosques, and temples which are remnants of ancient empires or a relic of an age about which there is only dim knowledge now.

New Delhi is a modern, well-planned city with symmetrical buildings, spacious parks, and broad, tree-lined avenues. It has a circular Parliament House and an imposing Secretariat.

On the right bank of the River Yamuna is a hallowed spot: Raj Ghat, where Mahatma Gandhi was cremated after his martyrdom. The samadhi, now raised into a platform surrounded by an enclosure, has become a national shrine. In Delhi itself there are many places to visit. Among them is the Red Fort, built of red sandstone. According to a well-

* See *A Monument to Love*, THE ROTARIAN for January, 1958.



The Vigyan Bhavan, designed for international meetings, will be the site of the Asia Regional Conference of Rotary International.

known authority, it is supposed to be the most magnificent palace in the East, perhaps in the world. An inscription in letters of gold on its walls says, "If there be a paradise on the face of the earth, it is this—it is this, it is this." There is the Juma Masjid, the biggest and most beautiful mosque in India, built also of red sandstone and white marble. The Purana Quila is an excellent example of Indo-Afghan architecture. Then you can visit Humayan's tomb built in 1565. The modern Hindu Birla Temple in the heart of New Delhi is another place of interest.

Commanding a panoramic view of Delhi from the south is the five-story Kutab Minar, a stone tower completed in about 1190. Near-by is the famous rust-proof Iron Pillar dating from the Fourth Century A.D. It is 23 feet high and weighs at least six tons. Forged in a single piece of rustless iron, it is unaffected by 1,600 years of exposure.

There are many other places of historic and modern interest in and around Delhi which will repay visiting. About 125 miles out from Delhi, at Agra, is the world-renowned Taj Mahal. Built of pure white marble, it stands on a vast marble terrace. Its great dome in the center is surrounded by four similar but smaller domes. At the angles of the terrace are four slender minarets. Light passes through a double screen of pierced marble into the interior, where under the dome are the cenotaphs of the Emperor and his beloved wife. The interior decorations of inlay in semiprecious stones are remarkable for color and design.

Not far from Delhi are the important historic towns of Lucknow, Kanpur, and Amritsar with its Golden Temple; Benares, the most sacred city of the Hindus; and far-famed Kashmir with its scenic and human beauties. In the South are some magnificent temples in easily assessable centers.

We need not mention the industrial capital of India—Bombay—nor Calcutta, the old capital of the country, nor the steel town of Jamshedpur, headed by a distinguished Rotarian, J. R. D. Tata; nor the

famous cities of Udaipur, Jaipur, and Gwalior, made famous by the maharajahs of yore and their fabulous wealth.

In Central India, a short distance by air from Bombay, are some of the most remarkable monuments in India: at Ellora and Ajanta. Excavated in the scarp of a rocky plateau, the Ellora monuments are remarkable memorials of three great faiths. The most marvelous of all is the stupendous rock-cut Hindu temple of Kailasa, elaborately carved inside and outside. Hewn entirely out of solid rock, with its massive pillars and colonnades, intricate galleries, painted ceilings, and huge sculptures, Kailasa is one of the world's wonders. It is estimated that the task of quarrying its 3 million cubic feet of rock must have taken at least 100 years.

In a beautiful glade amidst magnificent scenery are the caves of Ajanta, consisting of 29 monasteries and temples, some of which are 2,000 years old. They are excavated in a wall of almost perpendicular rock, 259 feet high, sweeping round in a hollow circle and extending a third of a mile from east to west. Hewn out of rock richly sculptured, and with walls, ceiling, and pillars adorned with fresco paintings, this cave-picture gallery is unique in the history of art.

India is in the throes of its rebirth today with its new industrialization plan. During the first Five-Year Plan the national income increased some 18 percent; food grain production went up by 20 percent. The second Five-Year Plan, now in force, envisages increases in factories, cities, electric power, houses, bridges, ships, railways, schools and hospitals, and small-scale industries. The object of



Sessions of the Regional Conference will be held in the modern and spacious auditorium of the Vigyan Bhavan.

this plan is to raise the standard of living of the common man. The plan aims at a 25 percent increase in national income, now about 180 million rupees. Already such relics of the past as caste have been outlawed. The percentage of literacy in the country has increased considerably during the past decade.

This, then, is the country you will be visiting during the Asia Regional Conference, and here you will see not only the past in all its glory, but a picture of a new industrial State based upon modern democratic lines.

Yes, Dr. Dawson

'Pure Disloyalty'

Holds Catherine LeFevre
Wife of Rotarian,
Sydney, Australia

FOR pure disloyalty to her own sex, I recommend the article *The Women Who Work for You*, by Cleo Dawson.



What does she say? In her article she enumerates the qualities

and virtues of women and advises executives how to use these attributes to their own masculine advantage. She recommends a judge from Texas as the best supervisor she had ever known: a man whose idea of utilizing her energies necessitated taunting her into a state of *directed* hyperactivity. Surely a sensible woman would choose as a boss a man who respected her abilities, was aware of her limitations, and *calmly* encouraged her, without wasting time or inducing what in Cleo Dawson's case appears to border on homicidal tendencies.

Women as well as men are entitled to consideration — healthy life is a *partnership* between the two. If at home I am irritated by the constant ringing of the telephone, my considerate husband removes it from the hook and does not increase my blood pressure—for all its inferior count of red corpuscles—by harassing me further with unmended shirts. In my work I value the quiet voice of challenge that says, "I know that this is a tough proposition requiring all your womanly qualities, but I am confident that if anyone can do this job it is you." I feel flattered, respected, and, above all, needed; my boss knows he lacks my intuitive powers.

No, Cleo Dawson, men are not better organizers or directors with more practical minds than women; they are complementary forms of the same species, each with its



Illustration by
Bob Bonfils

own technique; and it is the *coördination* of the two approaches that yields the best results whether it be in the home or in the office.

'Be Thankful for Variety'

Says Corinne K. Flemings
Wife of Rotarian,
Apple Valley, Calif.

NEITHER agreeing nor disagreeing, yet certainly not failing to react, I must express shock edging on horror at Cleo Dawson's article. Surely editorial limits caused her to assert twice that "All women. . ."



Any student, and particularly a psychologist, knows that *all* is used cautiously in describing human habits, since the word alleges a nonexistent dichotomy. Between black and white are a myriad shades of gray, and let us be thankful for their variety in an otherwise dismal world of stark contrasts.

Even the Chinese conception of Ying and Yang, extremes of masculinity and femininity, included a curved line to indicate close relationship between the two. Later psychological experimentation abolished all divisions, arranging human personalities on a pole which includes as many degrees between "man" and "woman" as there are grays between black and white.

No, Dr. Dawson

REMEMBER the article *The Women Who Work for You*, by Cleo Dawson? It appeared in *The Rotarian* for September, 1957. Recognizing the article as controversial, particularly among women, we announced in connection with it a contest for women readers. The prizes would be \$20 for each of the five best letters. The letters came—86 from 11 lands—sweetly agreeing, prettily straddling the fence, hotly protesting. Thence to the judges, all long experienced in the supervision and employment of women. They were Edward S. Babcox, of Akron, Ohio, a publishing-company owner and Rotarian; Miss Ella Clark, of New York City, Executive Secretary of the Rotary Club of New York, New York; Nathaniel Leverone, of Chicago, Illinois, board chairman of the Automatic Canteen Company of America and Rotarian; Dr. Fred H. Turner, of Champaign, Illinois, dean of students at the University of Illinois and Rotarian. Here, say the judges, are the five winners—to whom congratulations! We present their entries as our symposium-of-the-month and think it lies somewhere in or between the Vocational and Community Service areas of Rotary.—Eds.



Babcox



Clark



Leverone



Turner

Undoubtedly Dr. Dawson correctly describes the ultimate feminine personality as dependent and emotional; undoubtedly the ultimate masculine personality is ambitiously egotistic. But there are plenty of women whose stomachs and thyroid glands are not femininely ultimate, who place somewhere midway on the pole of comparison, who work with their heads capably as supervisors. In like manner, plenty of men fall short of masculine "ultimate" and are incapable of those viewpoints.

By understanding extremes we understand tendencies, so let us know ultimate "man" and "woman," but let us beware of confusing co-workers with them. Better, let us judge and induce top performance by adjusting to the infinite variations possible.

'I Need a Boss'

*Asserts Mary G. Stephenson
Wife of Rotarian,
York, Pa.*

MEN are men and women are wimmen—and never the twain

shall meet! Oh, but they do—again and again.

The battle of the sexes is good sport, and Dr. Dawson's article gives us some good rules for the game to help keep it stimulating and exciting. I'm tired

of these struggling women. I agree that it's against our true nature to keep trying to prove we can do anything better than they can!

My husband's profession is management. At our house, I'm the Junior Executive, and I like it that way. I make the daily decisions. Our home and children, my individual activities, are my department. If I do a poor job, I'm stuck with it. But if I really get mired, I yell for help, and he's there with a good, basic suggestion, and I'm on even keel again.

I am needed in my department, but I am not overbossed, oversupervised, or imposed upon. We share in the big decisions, and responsibilities.

My husband is an industrial engineer. His mind is disciplined, trained, and uncluttered. His heart is warm and generous, and I think it helps him to understand me.

I am a typical woman. My mind isn't dull, but it's as cluttered as Grandma's attic. I am volatile, erratic, and undisciplined.

I need a boss—and I like the one I have.

'Shattering Blow'

*Thinks Norah L. Wallace
Wife of Rotarian,
Victoria, B. C., Canada*

THE article *The Women Who Work for You*, in the September issue of *THE ROTARIAN*, disturbed me greatly.

Dr. Dawson's very precise and revealing analysis of woman's emotional make-up, and also her suggestions for the exploitation of these characteristics, have stripped us of all the subtlety and profundity which have been attributed to us and on which we have been capitalizing for generations. This supposedly mysterious side of woman's nature has been one of our greatest assets and it was a shattering blow to find one of our own numbers leaving us so exposed.

However, I have found some consolation in the fact that while the author has explained the various components of woman's emotional make-up with such clarity, there are still as many ways of combining these factors as there are of combining the various physical attributes of woman, and the emotional types that evolve will probably be as varied and complex as are the physical types. Thus we may regain our classification of an unsolved and unexplainable riddle.

I find further hope in the thought that men are creatures of impulse and are not likely to analyze a situation carefully enough to apply Dr. Dawson's magic formula, so we shall probably continue to work out the problems we meet with the men in our lives by the same methods of coöpera-



tion, conspiracy, and cajolery we have always used and life will continue to be interesting and adventurous.

For women associated with less impulsive men, I would suggest, for their own protection, that THE ROTARIAN for September, 1957, be not too readily available for reference.

'Don't Like to Be Bossed'

Says T. Jansen-Jaski
Wife of Rotarian,
Arnhem, The Netherlands

YOUR article inspires me to a desperate fight.

"Women like to be bossed." I don't know about businesswomen, but as a married woman with a family, I don't like it. Some of my

friends happen to have bossy husbands. You should hear them complain and see how they usually know how to get their ways. On the other hand, I know quite a number of husbands who are being bossed. They don't complain, they don't seem to notice. Or perhaps they like it?

"All women must feel that they are needed." The same accounts for men: it is the quintessence of their existence. The complaint and tragedy of old people are that nobody needs them any more.

"She is thinking about herself." Well, I tried to these last few days, but I simply hadn't the time: my husband was down with A-flu. Ever look after a sick hus-



band? Never desert him a moment in his fears (see page 14, 11th line).

"She very levelly wants the same thing all the time." Mr. Dior could have told you more about that. Men have worn the same type of suit for more than 50 years, and if we hadn't got fed up with darning woolen socks and ironing stiff collars they would be wearing them still.

"Women tire more easily." I took care my husband didn't skip that line.

"They get hungrier." But we are heroes, slimming the way we do. Why didn't you say so?

"Women are not meant to make sense." Here my husband exploded. "She is pulling your leg!" he said.

Are you now?

Where Did You Get That Hat?



METHODICAL man has never been able to fathom a woman's hat. Those frills, those flowers, that soaring feather—what they do to the psyche, he doesn't know. In a Rotary-Teacher Mixer in Durant, Oklahoma, however, every man understood perfectly the headpieces which wives of local Rotarians created and modelled. Each hat symbolized the Rotary classification of the wearer's husband.

A doctor raced the stork across the head of Mrs. Alfred Baker (obstetrician's wife). And all agreed that the hat worn by Mrs. Jerdie Clay (optometrist's wife) was quite a spectacle. But the creation crowning Mrs. Charles Ward (wife of a radio-station manager) simply electrified the group. A huge pair of dentures clamped down upon Mrs. John Owens (dentist's wife), and a little red schoolhouse proved elevating to Mrs. Garland Godfrey (wife of superintendent of schools). A very chic parade—acknowledging for a change the economic source of practically all ladies' hats.



Photos: Durant Daily Democrat



Shrubs and trees and luxuriant green grass provide a beautiful natural setting for the headquarters building (above and below).

A Prize Planting

EACH year the American Association of Nurserymen sponsors an industrial-landscaping competition and presents the winners with "Plant America" awards. This year one of the four institutional winners was Rotary's international headquarters in Evanston, Illinois. In a brief ceremony before the Rotary Club of Evanston, the nurserymen's president, John Fraser III, of Huntsville, Alabama, presented the plaque awarded Rotary International to its President, Charles G. Tennent, himself a nurseryman. A similar plaque went to Evanston Rotarian Ralph N. Melin, the building's landscape architect. Many people and firms had helped make the honor possible, among them O. M. Scott and Sons of Ohio, which provided the lawn-maintenance schedule. Located in a residential area shaded by fine old trees, the spacious grounds are beautified by plantings of many kinds, including flowering plum, hawthorne, red oak, Norway maple, English privet, Japanese yew, honeysuckle, red bud, flowering crab apple, and magnolia.

MARCH, 1958



"Plant America" landscaping award plaques are presented by John Fraser III to landscape architect Ralph N. Melin and Rotary International President Charles G. Tennent at a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Evanston, Ill.



A VISIT WITH

Albert Schweitzer and Friends

in GÜNSBACH and COLMAR

THE people of the Münster Valley of Alsatian France know Albert Schweitzer as one of the world's great men. But they also know him as the son of Louis Schweitzer, the Günsbach village pastor, and as their friend and neighbor.

It was in their valley that Albert Schweitzer grew up, and it is here that he has his European home—a home that also serves as a headquarters to funnel aid and supplies to the famous jungle hospital he operates on the Ogowe River in French Equatorial Africa. To Günsbach he returns each year.

It was fitting, then, that the first European showing of the biographical motion picture *Albert Schweitzer*, produced by Jerome Hill and filmed over a period of six years by Erica Anderson in Günsbach and Africa, should be here in the Münster Valley.

The theater was in Colmar, from Günsbach just 12 miles down the valley, where young Schweitzer had long ago been drawn to the statue of an African native. "In the attitude and features of this black giant," he wrote later, "there was a certain melancholy which aroused my compassion and led



Here, in the peaceful Alsatian village of Günsbach—now part of France, then held by Germany—Albert Schweitzer grew up. To it he returns almost every Summer. The three-story home he built almost 30 years ago may be seen in the extreme right foreground.



Albert Schweitzer: medical missionary, musician, philosopher; honorary Rotarian, world symbol of selflessness.

me to reflect upon the fate of the Negroes. . . . I often stayed in Colmar. I came to know the town and its inhabitants really well, and I particularly admired the incomparable carillon of St. Martin's church; but I remained faithful to my rendezvous with the African Negro. It was this statue of Bartholdi which summoned me, at the age of 30, to live and work in Africa."

It was fitting, too, that the sponsor of the premiere should be the Rotary Club of Colmar, for Albert Schweitzer has been an honorary member of it for six years. "I feel," he has told his Rotary friends, "that I am in a sympathetic group. I feel that I am among men who sincerely desire to give

to our civilization more *spiritualité*, a deepening of thought and of human ideals, and a will to save the world from ruin. I am, therefore, one of you and I believe in your great and splendid goal."

To see their famous neighbor again in one of his rare public appearances, to view the film of his life and work, and afterward to chat and joke with him in the old Maison des Têtes restaurant of medieval Colmar, friends came from near and far. There were Paul Blum, owner of a Colmar department store and President of the Rotary Club; Madame Weich, a long-time friend and supporter of his work; numerous officials, including the General Secretary of the Upper Alsace government, F.

Photos by Hans Steiner from Three Lions



The Pfisterhaus is one of many medieval buildings in quaint Colmar, where Albert Schweitzer holds Rotary membership. Günsbach has no Rotary Club.



Surrounded by Rotary friends in a Colmar theater, Albert Schweitzer prepares to view the European premiere of the film depicting his life and work.

Inside the Maison des Têtes, an after-theater reception.



Gerst; Dr. Schweitzer's daughter, Rhena Eckert, and his Rotarian nephew, Dr. Ehretsmann-Nicolai; an American doctor who had worked with him in Africa; and the entire membership of the Rotary Club of Colmar.

The film they watched refreshed their memories of the pastor's son who balked at wearing clothes that other children could not afford; who at the age of 9 substituted in his father's church for the regular organist; whose dominating philosophy of reverence for life began with a prayer he formulated as a child, asking heavenly protection and blessing for "all things that have breath."

The child who was to become a doctor four times over—in philosophy, theology, music, and medicine—was precocious only in music at first. Daydreaming slowed his schoolwork, but in the Lycée de Mulhouse, a preparatory school, he began to show great interest in history and natural science and literature. During his university years at Strasbourg he went often to Paris to study the organ, but his doctorate in philosophy was in theology.

At the age of 21 he made his famous resolve to



The guest of honor takes his place at the after-theater reception in the Maison des Têtes restaurant. With him: film producer Jerome Hill; Colmar Rotarian Ehretsmann-Nicolai, Dr. Schweitzer's nephew; Club President Blum.



Meeting with an old friend—Madame Weich from Mulhouse, one of the many people who help to support the work of Dr. Schweitzer's Lambaréné hospital in French Equatorial Africa.



Producer Jerome Hill and photographer Erica Anderson took six years to film the cinema biography of Dr. Schweitzer. Proceeds go to support the Lambaréné hospital in Africa.



Rhena Eckert, Hélène and Dr. Schweitzer's only child, was born in Europe after World War I, before he made his return to Africa.



Dr. Schweitzer's nephew, Dr. Ehretsmann-Nicolai, presents Rotarian Dr. Langs (left) and F. Gerst, General Secretary of the Upper Alsace government.



Nephew and grandniece: two of many relatives and friends who follow Albert Schweitzer's career with keen interest.



Among the officials who gathered to honor Dr. Schweitzer was Lt. Colonel Petit, staff assistant of the Colmar Military Commandant.



Not far down this road that leads into the village of Gunsbach, France, is the home of Dr. Albert Schweitzer. The spire is that of the village church, where Schweitzer played the organ as a boy and where his father preached. The town has changed little.

live for science and art until he was 30 and after that to give his talents to the service of humanity. He became principal of the Theological College of St. Thomas in Strasbourg, but resigned his post when the 30-year mark was reached to plunge into medical studies. That was in 1905, and the date he published his biography of Bach, which is still the classic work on the great composer. In 1906 he published *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, which has been termed the most influential book of theology published in this century. And in this same period, while he was struggling to learn all he could about medicine, he published a book on the Apostle Paul, thrilled audiences with his Bach organ concerts, wrote a book on organs and organ building, and published an edition of Bach's organ works.

After completing his final examination in medicine, he married; wrote his doctoral thesis, *The Psychiatric Study of Jesus*; and prepared for his trip to Africa. In 1913, on the money from his organ concerts, book royalties, and small gifts from friends, he sailed with Madame Schweitzer for Africa with 70 packing cases of medical supplies and equipment.

Clearing the jungle, he established his first rude



A painting of Albert Schweitzer at the organ, done 30 years ago when he was 53, hangs above the harmonium in his Gunsbach home. Still one of the great masters of the console, he practices daily. Profits from his concerts were used to finance his work in Africa.



Young Dr. Daniel Friedman, who spent six months at the African hospital, chats with Dr. Schweitzer and photographer Erica Anderson.

hospital on the banks of the Ogowe River at Lambaréné, 50 miles below the equator, near the Western coast of French Equatorial Africa. Dr. Schweitzer picked the site when he heard that there was not a doctor within a radius of 500 miles.

Since that time, interrupted once by a seven-year period in Europe when he replenished finances by practicing medicine, preaching, giving organ concerts, lecturing, and writing books, the jungle hospital has been his life. To it, from as far away as 200 miles and more, dugout canoes bring

the victims of leprosy, elephantiasis, sleeping sickness, hernia, and dysentery. Here Dr. Schweitzer, now 83, heals the sick, superintends his staff of European doctors and nurses and native helpers, directs the construction of new buildings, gives brief sermons on Sundays, and by his writings and example teaches a watching world the meaning of selflessness. For, just as he is to the natives of deepest Africa and to the pleasant folk of the Münster Valley, Albert Schweitzer is friend and neighbor to mankind.



What's Happened to the Old Farm

The Industrial Revolution has
finally hit the family farm.
It will never be the same.

By HAROLD SEVERSON



Illustration by Peter Landt

AS A teen-age boy of 35 years ago, I worked Summers on a 160-acre dairy farm in southeastern Minnesota.

In retrospect, it was a wonderful life, incredibly simple yet deeply satisfying. We rolled out early there at Martin's place, a woodpecker on a hollow maple often telegraphing the unwelcome news of dawn. After milking 40 cows and feeding 35 or 40 hogs we gathered at the big round dining-room table for mighty breakfasts of hot oatmeal, eggs and sausage, flapjacks, fried bread, canned fruits, and milk and coffee by the pitcherful. For 14 to 16 hours a day we plowed corn or put up hay or set grain shocks or pitched bundles or hauled grain, or whatever the day demanded. Faithful horses powered the cultivators, the hayracks, the binders, the stone boat, the plows, everything.

Those were pre-radio days—at least at Martin's—but we did get

a morning newspaper which was a day old by the time it reached us. Twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday nights, we cranked up Martin's Model T and drove to town. There was always at least one case of eggs on the back seat of the car. We roamed the streets in town, we farm boys, munching popcorn and scrapping with the town kids. Trading in the eggs, Martin and his wife bought a big supply of groceries or machinery parts. About 11 o'clock, so tired we young hands often fell asleep as the car jolted down the rutted roads, we left for the farm a long eight miles away.

It was an easygoing, companionable, friendly life. The farm families visited back and forth. At threshing time the various rings made almost a game out of the hard and wearying job. Groups of anywhere from six to ten neighbors would team up, the big threshing machine moving from farm to farm in their ring and staying two or three days at each place. All the men in the ring pitched in at each farm. So did the women. Martin's wife always had three or four neighbors helping to prepare and serve the mammoth noon dinners and the midmorning and midafternoon lunches of coffee, cake, cookies, and pie.

The same neighborly concern was manifested in times of sickness. When a man was ill or injured and unable to work, a dozen near-by farmers rushed to his aid.

The other day my wife, Ruth, and I drove out to see Martin and his wife. Martin looked the same as 35 years ago and he proudly informed me that he hadn't varied a pound in the last 40 years. His wife was a little plumper and a little grayer, but with the same pleasant smile that greeted me each Summer when I was a boy.

We talked over old times, of course. Martin razzed me about the day I fell asleep while cultivating corn and plowed out several rows. His wife remarked that no hired man, before or since, had ever been able to eat as much meat, mashed potatoes, bread, and cake as I did.

Then Martin proudly led me to his machinery shed. It was a long



The Author

Free-lance writer and photographer Harold Severson was born and reared in farm country, and has written extensively on agricultural subjects. He has served on the editorial staff of numerous newspapers and magazines,

among them The Rotarian. In 1939 he was named the top feature writer in the United States by the Crowell-Collier Company. Married, and the father of four children, he lives in his native town of Kenyon, Minn., is active in community-betterment affairs, and pursues a variety of sports.

structure, crammed with implements. There was a huge self-propelled combine which, he assured me, a 12-year-old boy could operate safely. That replaced the ring of neighbors, the horse-drawn binders, the big threshing machine, and the kitchen drudgery.

"Threshing time is a thing of the past," he said, a bit sadly. "All my neighbors have combines, too. It takes us each two weeks to combine our crops, but there's no fuss or excitement about harvesting the grain nowadays."

Now the owner of three farms, each 160 acres in size, Martin says the trend is away from small farms. "If a farmer has lots of power equipment," he explains, "he can operate more efficiently on 480 acres than he can on 160. I've got an investment of better than \$35,000 in equipment alone—and that's not at all unusual in our neighborhood."

Martin called my attention to a one-man baler that rolls down the long windrows of hay and packs neat little bales that one man can lift. "Remember the old saw about making hay while the sun shines?" Martin asked me. "And the sudden Summer showers that used to damage our hay before we could get it in? My neighbor just bought a hay crusher which rolls down the windrow and squeezes the juice out of the stems so that the hay will dry quickly even when the day is cloudy.

"I still remember picking corn by hand when it was 5 below zero," said Martin, patting a great big red machine I recognized as a corn picker. "My gloves soon be-

came soaking, freezing wet and my hands and wrists red and raw. I would start picking corn at 5 o'clock in the morning and keep picking until 7 at night. Not once, but day after day. Now we pick corn earlier than we used to—in October—and if it's too soft for safe storage, we dry it in a special drying chamber heated by an oil furnace."

He smiled. "We have a lot more corn to pick, too. Thirty years ago a yield of 60 bushels an acre wasn't so bad. Then in the 1930s came hybrid corn, and we got 85 bushels. Now, in addition to using limestone and phosphate fertilizers, we pile on the nitrogen and get 100-120 bushels."

Martin was proud of his three tractors, too. One was a diesel "crawler" and the others were smaller gasoline-burning models.

"Not a horse on the place," he said, shaking his head. "They're obsolete as far as work is concerned. Some of our neighbors have riding horses for the children, but nobody uses them for farm work. They're too inefficient."

It was not yet chore time, and Martin suggested we visit a neighboring farm to get a look at other facets of farming. "I'm a dairyman," said Martin. "The fellow we're going to see feeds hogs and beef cattle, but he doesn't have a cow on the place. We're specializing more these days."

A few minutes later we drove into the neighbor's barnyard, barely missing a tractor that came roaring around a corner. Driving it was the neighbor—Bill. A rubber-tired metal wagon jounced behind. After a few friendly words with us, Bill deftly backed the wagon into the granary, opened some chutes, and flicked a switch. The hum of a hammer mill filled the air as the golden ground feed poured into the wagon.

We followed the partly loaded wagon into a paved concrete feed lot where 100 or more hungry Herefords waited impatiently. Bill drove close beside the long line of feed troughs after tripping a lever to engage the tractor's power take-off. An angled spout at the rear of the wagon spewed feed into the trough as he drove along.

The wagon empty, he backed it up to the silo and refilled it with forage for the second course of the steers' meal. Only he didn't climb 40 feet up into the silo and fork the silage down, as I had expected. He flicked another switch; the sound of an automatic silo unloader came down the big vertical chute, together with a rain of green silage.

"If you weren't in your good clothes," said Martin, "I'd take you up in the silo to look at the unloader. I still can't get over it, though it's standard equipment on many farms. They hoist it up to



Old-fashioned druggery has been banished from the farm home as well.

the top in the Fall and it rides down with the silage as it unloads it."

We watched as Bill sprinkled protein supplement in the feed troughs. The cattle licked at it greedily. "In that feed," remarked Martin, "are other developments we wouldn't have dreamed of 30 years ago. One is terramycin, a wonder drug which fights disease and boosts gains. Another is stilbestrol, a hormone which enables the steers to convert feed into meat at greater efficiency. Together they result in a one-fourth faster gain, with a feed saving of one-sixth."

"Pretty soon," I joked, "you farmers will be giving your cattle tranquilizer pills to keep them quiet, fat, and happy."

"Don't laugh," said Martin. "We'll be doing just that in a few months. A big drug firm is planning to market a tranquilizer additive for feed that's supposed to

increase gains an average of 12 percent and improve feed efficiency 7 percent. And that's over and above the extra gains you get from hormones and antibiotics."

The air was chill, and Bill, finished with the feeding, suggested stepping into the hog-farrowing house to get out of the wind. "It will give you a chance to see my Fall pig crop, too," he said proudly. "It's the best in years—eight pigs per litter so far." We entered the dimly lit building, and a familiar aroma of musk mixed with the scent of fresh straw greeted my nostrils. But pig habits had changed, I noticed. Instead of being huddled close to their mothers, the little pigs nested happily beneath the golden glow of heat lamps—one to a pen.

"The heat lamps save a good many pigs from pneumonia," said Bill, noting my surprise. "Best of all, they allow us to start new litters the year around. In the old days we farrowed pigs only in the Spring. Now we have four crops during the year, and can market them when prices are high. We haven't got around to air-conditioning the houses in the Summer-time, but there are actually a few farmers around the country who do—at a profit."

Drugs were being used for the swine, too. There were antibiotics in the little-pig feed to prevent the diseases which used to cause heavy losses. And if all else failed, there was penicillin administered by the veterinarian, in addition to the now-standard vaccination shots.

"Where are the chickens?" I asked as the three of us strolled toward the car. One of my favorite boyhood chores had been to hunt out the hayloft nests of Martin's wide-ranging flock of 200 Plymouth Rock hens.

"Not a one on the place," Bill answered. "We buy our eggs at the store, just like town folks."

I found it hard to grasp the idea of a farm without hens, but Bill explained: "We can't afford to keep them—at least not a small flock. It would be more bother than it's worth. But if I were to go into the chicken business"—and I could tell he had been

thinking about it—"I'd settle for a flock of no less than 2,000 hens. They would be hybrid laying hens, each capable of producing 220 eggs a year instead of the 160 a year we thought was a healthy rate only ten years ago. If I decided to raise broilers, they would be hybrid, too, able to turn every 2½ pounds of feed into a pound of meat.

"I'd build my laying house 40 feet wide and 100 feet long and put my 2,000 hens in one long wire cage. That way I'd need no straw for the floor. A couple of times a year I would let the hens out and clean the pits beneath the area with a tractor scoop. Of course, I'd have running water and some kind of automatic feed-supply system. But I wouldn't want to take care of a small flock," he laughed. "Too much work."

We thanked him and drove off. Back at Martin's farm we walked into the barn and Martin flicked on the electric lights.

"Beats lighting up with kerosene lanterns like we did in the old days," he said, "Safer, too! Here's my pipeline milker. I'd like to have you see it in action." The old barn had been replaced with a "milking parlor" two years ago, he informed me.

Martin's son, Bob, was getting things ready. Outside, in a holding pen, about 50 cows were standing around, chewing their cud. Then Bob pulled on a rope and a door slid open. Three cows walked in, took their places inside steel stalls, and began munching ground feed. Bob yanked on a lever and the cows were securely enclosed in small cagelike stalls.

He swung the milking unit into place, snapping the cups on each cow's teats after first carefully washing the udders and teats with a warm solution of water treated with a germicidal solution. Almost instantly, milk began coursing from the udders into glass pipes and from there into a large refrigerated tank. From there, Martin told me, it would be pumped into a tank truck that stopped at the farm every morning.

In just a few minutes the cows had been [Continued on page 53]

MARCH, 1958



No Hunting-- without Coöperation!



MOST farmers "see red" when they find strangers roaming their fields or wood lots in search of game. They're pretty sure that these same persons would call the police if anyone tramped across their lawns in the city.

And hunters resent the farmer's unfriendliness. They feel that the game belongs to the public, city dwellers and farmers alike, and that any responsible person able to shoulder a gun has the right to hunt on farm lands.

In Goodhue County, Minnesota, the gulf between hunters and farmers became alarming. Small game had almost disappeared in the area. Farmers said they were plain tired of supplying game for increasing throngs of inconsiderate hunters.

Finally the supervisors of the South Goodhue Soil Conservation District called a meeting of representatives of the U. S. Soil Conservation Service, the State conservation department, the Federal wildlife-aid division of the State conservation department, the University of Minnesota, and the National Wildlife Federation. They decided upon a coöperative approach to the problem. They selected a two-square-mile area between Zumbrota and Wanamingo for an experimental wildlife area where farmer and huntsman would work together in conserving game and controlling the bag.

To see how it works, visit the farm operated by Curtis Olson in Roscoe Township. In the early 1930s Civilian Conservation Corps workers had fenced a hilly pasture, including a spring and a small pond, on the Olson farm. Wildlife flourished there until the fence fell into disrepair and cows grazed there. In a short time the ground cover needed by small game and ground-nesting fowl was gone.

After the new coöperative program started, a group of sportsmen—members of the Izaak Walton League—went out to the Olson farm with a truckload of fence posts and wire, rebuilt the fence, and readied the nesting space among the surviving pine trees. After a snowstorm the group

went out to the Olson farm to check on the wildlife. A cottontail rabbit streaked from underfoot; several pheasants rocketed from a clump of trees.

Today Olson himself says: "There's no question about the increase in game. Now that I'm getting coöperation from hunters, the wildlife population is growing."

The farm planner for the district believes that a farmer should not be expected to pay the cost of fencing off a piece of land and providing feed, water, and protection for wildlife. "He's got to have the assistance of hunters," he says. "Otherwise he's not going to the cost and trouble of increasing wildlife just so strangers can have the fun of shooting it."

There are still "No Hunting without Permission" signs on many farms in the area, but the permission is now cheerfully and readily forthcoming. Further, when the hunters leave the land, they report to the farmer on their kills. This information is valuable to wildlife-management experts.

During a recent season hunters shot more than 40 pheasants in several areas of the South Goodhue district, while in neighboring districts only four or five birds were bagged. Cottontail rabbits are now plentiful, and several deer have been seen. Supplementary feeding has been required because of the increase in wildlife.

The South Goodhue experiment is proving again that coöperation is the key to better rural-urban relationships.

—HAROLD SEVERSON

MEET Shorty. Shorty comes from Bombay. No. Not that Bombay. Shorty's Bombay is a little township in the hills about 30 miles from Auckland, where ROTA was born.

ROTA? That's short for Rotary Overseas Travel Award—one of which Shorty won. Not because he had high academic qualifications, but because he was playing a useful part in his community. And similarly with the other five members of the first ROTA study group. Typical young New Zealanders, they were chosen not for brains or brilliance but for common sense and character. Chosen because they had been following in their own way Rotary's ideal of service, and finding fuller de-

George was old in Rotary and had served Rotary well. He was a past this and a past that, and while one was inclined to think he was past most things, particularly new ideas, we had to respect his opinion for he was a good fellow and we liked him.

"I don't like this ROTA scheme at all," he said to me one day. "I'm not going to subscribe to it. There are far too many scholarships these days. Young people get everything handed to them on a plate. They should stay at home and work, and not gad about the world."

We retired to a quiet corner to talk it over, and I waited patiently until George had his pipe drawing well before I opened fire.

Travel brings understanding, and it can do it through young businessmen as surely as through students. So shows New Zealand.

WE CALL IT

ROTA

By T. RALPH VERNON

Microbiologist T. Ralph Vernon received his education in New Zealand and England. Past President of the Rotary Club of Auckland, he is active in aiding youth and the aged.



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ROTA was developed as a Golden Anniversary project by the old 39th District, which included most of the North Island of New Zealand and the Fiji Islands. The idea seemed a good one, and it captured the imagination of many Rotarians because it was different.

Of course we had our critics. There were the ones who say "No" to everything on principle. We felt we could fix them, but there was also old George.

"ROTA isn't the sight-seeing tour you seem to think it is," I began. "It is a study tour with the accent on the study. The study of a country and its people, how they live, work, and play, so that there may be better understanding. Good citizenship is the aim, and I'm sure you would agree that the free world needs good citizens." George grunted.

"The young travellers are in charge of a Rotarian leader and they travel and study together. Wherever they go Rotarians are their hosts, guides, and friends. Can you think of anything bet-

ter?" A long, thoughtful rumble was George's answer.

"Group study, of course, is a sound educational technique," I continued. "He who travels alone may travel fast, but in a group the experiences of the individual are multiplied. He sees and hears with the eyes and ears of the others as well as his own.

"Exchange is basic. ROTA is a two-way project. We want to send young New Zealanders overseas, and we want groups from other countries to visit us." George grunted again.

"There is nothing rigid about

ROTA. It's an adaptable scheme which could form the basis for exchange of youth between any two countries."

I thought that George was beginning to thaw, but I wasn't sure. He was an old hand at negotiating and his poker face told me little. I imagined his grunts to mean that in his view the case was "nonproved" and that he would withhold his verdict meantime.

Well, that's how it started and the project went ahead. The District got behind it. Each Club subscribed its quota. Each Club publicized ROTA and Rotary through press, radio, poster, and pamphlet. This publicity was good. It made it clear to many just what Rotary stands for and what it is doing for youth. Young men from town and country became interested. Here was something for them. They asked for application forms, and more than 300 young men scratched their heads as they wrote their qualifying essays on "My Vocation and How It Serves Society." Each Club interviewed

its candidates and made its selection, and the chosen one moved on to the final selection Committee.

And so the six fortunate young men were selected. One from each part of the District. Their occupations varied from farming to pharmacy and from school teaching to storekeeping.

Rotary farewells over, there was a final handshake from the Prime Minister and the first ROTA group began its "round the world" study tour.

On board ship regular study periods were held, the young men practicing public speaking, learning about their own country so that they would be able to answer questions intelligently, learning about the countries they would visit so that they would have something to build on.

For two months the Rotarians in England and Scotland gave of their best to the young visitors, who saw everything or nearly everything and felt the warm friendship of their Rotarian hosts.

En route, too, they glimpsed the

life of other lands. The Latin at Panama, the Dutch at Curacao, and while homeward bound the East at Port Said, Suez, and Colombo, and the new world in Australia.

And so the group returned. At this stage the leader might well have reported "Operation ROTA completed. Objective reached." But, no! Back in their home towns there was work to do. The ROTA boys found themselves in demand and they responded. They addressed meetings of all sorts, and told the story of their adventures with ROTA and with Rotary. They reassembled for the District Conference, to give a symposium and to lead group discussions. The ROTA assignment was not completed. It had just begun. News of ROTA had spread abroad.

Jack Coventry, of Nelson, British Columbia, Governor of District 156 (now 508), wrote to say that a New Zealand ROTA group would be welcome and that the neighboring Districts in Canada and the United States would



It's the mace of His Worship the Mayor of Blackpool, England, who has just met the young men of the first ROTA tour.

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Rotary farewells over, there was a final handshake from the Prime Minister and the first ROTA group began its "round the world" study tour.

On board ship regular study periods were held, the young men practicing public speaking, learning about their own country so that they would be able to answer questions intelligently, learning about the countries they would visit so that they would have something to build on.

For two months the Rotarians in England and Scotland gave of their best to the young visitors, who saw everything or nearly everything and felt the warm friendship of their Rotarian hosts.

En route, too, they glimpsed the

life of other lands. The Latin at Panama, the Dutch at Curacao, and while homeward bound the East at Port Said, Suez, and Colombo, and the new world in Australia.

And so the group returned. At this stage the leader might well have reported "Operation ROTA completed. Objective reached." But, no! Back in their home towns there was work to do. The ROTA boys found themselves in demand and they responded. They addressed meetings of all sorts, and told the story of their adventures with ROTA and with Rotary. They reassembled for the District Conference, to give a symposium and to lead group discussions. The ROTA assignment was not completed. It had just begun. News of ROTA had spread abroad.

Jack Coventry, of Nelson, British Columbia, Governor of District 156 (now 508), wrote to say that a New Zealand ROTA group would be welcome and that the neighboring Districts in Canada and the United States would



It's the mace of His Worship the Mayor of Blackpool, England, who has just met the young men of the first ROTA tour.

coöperate. ROTA was on the march again.

This time two New Zealand Districts—292 and 294—organized ROTA (1957) and the getting together had its rewards. A team of eight was selected from some 500 applicants. Again a grand team with interests varying from farming to footwear retailing.

On August 10 they sailed for Vancouver, British Columbia. A great sendoff. Rotarians and their wives, friends, and relatives at the ship's side. Gay streamers, songs, and Maori hakas, while the original ROTA group hurled good advice and good wishes to the new team.

Suva, Fiji, the island outpost of District 292, was the first port of call, and the group was welcomed royally. In Honolulu Rotarians gave our boys their first taste of American hospitality. A wonderful day concluding with much excitement and not a little trepidation as the group appeared on television, compered by the genial Popo.

Six Rotary Districts in both Canada and the United States combined in the planning of the study tour. For the next two months, beginning in Vancouver and ending in San Francisco, the New Zealand visitors were passed from Club to Club, from District to District, and back and forth between Canada and the States.

They met new people, they saw new places. New places with fascinating names. Qualicum Beach, Wenatchee, Coeur d'Alene, Yakima, Walla Walla, Moscow. This Walla Walla, of course, is not in

Australia, and the Moscow mentioned is in Idaho.

They saw another way of life. They felt the pulse of two great countries. They shared briefly the lives of their hosts. They gave something of New Zealand in return.

Under the terms of the ROTA award, each member of the group keeps a daily diary and sends regular reports to his sponsor Club, while the letters from the leader are cyclostyled and sent to all Clubs.

Here are some extracts from the leaders' letters. They may be enough to give the "feel" of these ROTA study tours.

"One of the greatest thrills for us all. Down one of the oldest coal mines in Great Britain. We crawled about three-quarters of a mile on hands, knees, and what the army marches on, to see coal being won from the bowels of the earth. We emerged two hours later, exhausted and black as pitch, but feeling that we had got down to meeting some of the finest people in the world. We nearly wept for the pit ponies, still used, although the mine has the latest machinery. A shower refreshed us, and we gave the miners a Maori haka and they were thrilled. When we said farewell to our Eastwood hosts, we came close to real sadness. They were reet graand laads."

"Went to a boys' club in a rough and tough area. One of the grandest things I have seen the ROTA group do was to win the hearts of these boys. All around the games room were groups of these street

urchins, and in the middle of each group was a ROTA member, quite at ease and enjoying the experience."

"The constant meeting of people, addressing Clubs, framing intelligent questions and answers, are giving a noticeable maturity to our boys. They now enter into group discussions with confidence and a certain charm."

"In the evening we saw our first ball game. An international contest and our presence was announced to the crowd, which gave us a great reception. An exciting game, and twice the ball was hit right out of the stadium."

"We work hard and our notebooks fill rapidly. We have just seen great engineering projects and mammoth factories, and have noted labor conditions and incentives. We have seen schools and colleges at work and compared methods and standards. We are learning fast and all under the happiest circumstances with Rotary. We feel we belong."

Well, that is the story, but it is not the end. Plans are now being made for a group from Canada and another from the United States to visit New Zealand in 1958, and that is how we like it.

Now for the \$64 question: Is it worth the effort? If you really want to know the answer, ask old George. After our weekly luncheon when the ROTA tour to Canada and the United States was announced, I felt a tug at my arm. It was George. He thrust a check in my hand and grunted, "If you want any more, Ralph, let me know."



In Moses Lake, Wash., the second group sees a farm that had been rebuilt in a day, is photographed with local Club President Leon Bodie (left) and District Governor Larsen (center).



Nearing the end of their 'round-the-world study tour, the members of the first ROTA group relax with their hosts, the Rotary Club of Colombo, Ceylon. Next stop is Australia.



Hup! two, three, four . . . a Boy Scout troop strides sturdily along a street in Tegal, Indonesia, during a walking tour sponsored by the local Rotary Club.



There were loving cups and medals for the winning groups. Here the wife of a Club member presents the first award.

Walking for Fun!

PEOPLE walk for health and exercise, for meditation, for pure joy. And even in this world-shrinking age of space satellites, man's oldest form of locomotion remains unchallenged as the most common means of getting from one place to another. One rain-washed morning in Tegal, Indonesia, a textile- and machinery-manufacturing city of 43,000 on the northern coast of Java, more than 400 young persons strode forth on a walking tour sponsored by the local Rotary Club. Although there was an added incentive in this instance—prizes and pop—most youngsters walked just for the fun of walking, and, as these photographs show, their strong limbs and healthful bodies substantiate anew the old Hindu proverb: walking makes for a long life.



During the rest periods along the route, the youthful participants were treated to cold soft drinks. . . . (Below) Many spectators lined the route of march despite the rainy weather. Walking tours are popular in many Eastern and European countries, and provide one of the best forms of exercise.



PACED by a glistening red sedan, the two big busses left promptly at 8:30 A.M. for a day of indelible memories at historic Panmunjom. Half an hour earlier on this golden morning, 50 and more of Seoul's elite—as represented by Rotary—had gathered in the spacious lobby of the Bando Hotel for a snappy briefing by a U. S. Eighth Army captain: arm bands must be worn, identification cards kept handy, no snapshots of service men on duty—above all, no fraternization with North Korea Communist personnel, even if they themselves accosted us.

The cavalcade wound through the wide boulevards crowded with

ROTARY DAY IN

with busy farmers harvesting the bumper rice crop from the yellowed paddy fields. Bright green patches of long-leaved Korean cabbage were readying for the "kimchi" pickling jars. Life indeed was an idyl of peace and plenty for these simple folk.

Abruptly the busses came to a halt: the first military barrier. A bespectacled American sergeant and two ROK privates acknowledged the credentials of the Eighth Army officer on each bus. On we swept in clouds of dust raised by our own vehicles and the growing number of military lorries and jeeps now speeding up and down the road. The peaceful idyl was over. Potted on the surrounding uplands were weird green-painted structures and ammunition and other military stores in barbed-wire enclosures.

On the rim of a high ledge three heavy artillery pieces pointed grimly skyward. On a hillside fluttered a strange flag on a tall pole: the barracks of the Turkish contingent of the United Nations forces.

On and on for the 48-mile trip from Seoul, with barracks, road blocks, and ammunition and fuel dumps dotting the rough terrain. Yellow clay roads tracked off in all directions to unknown strategic points. Again a stop, at the much-fought-over Nimjin River bridges, originally two spans, 40 yards apart. Only one span is now usable, the other recognizable only in a succession of naked masonry abutments spacing the broad sluggish river.

As comments flew in Korean and English, we passed suddenly into a veritable no man's land—

into the demilitarized zone, 4,000 meters wide, with no living creature to be seen. Marshy valleys had now taken the place of former rice terraces, carefully cultivated for untold generations. The well-tended road wandered along with sharp curves, steep climbs, and sudden descents. Soon, without warning, we were in the midst of a cluster of bright green quonset buildings. This, we quickly learned, was on the very line, meticulously drawn in the center of the 186-mile phantom zone clear across the waist of Korea. Up to it could come the United Nations representatives, and across it were the surly North Korea and Chinese Communists.

The whole party, with arm bands set, cameras cocked, and eyes alert, quickly debouched onto the sun-drenched gravel area. Our Army hosts informed us we were programmed to visit in turn the mysterious plain little one-storied buildings. In the first we were gathered at a green baize-covered rectangular table now used for the sessions of the Military Armistice Commission. The only agreements come to, we were told, are for dates of meetings, and even these are often not complied with. The members of one Commission representing the United Nations scrupulously keep to the south side of the table, and enter the little building from the south doorway. The representatives of Communist North Korea adhere similarly to the north exposure of table and door.

Filing into the next hutment, we gathered about another green table, but this time circular. Four diminutive flags in a stand in the exact center drooped toward the four segments of the round table. These represented the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission composed of Poland and



At head table: Major Generals Homer Litzburg, Tore Wigforas; and Rotary President Yun Young Sun.

electric tramcars and busses, huge trucks and sturdy three-wheelers, motorcars of all descriptions, jeeps galore, shambling bulls almost concealed beneath loads of pinebrush fuel, coal carts on ancient truck tires drawn by diminutive ponies, "jiggy-men" swaying under oversized burdens of household furniture.

Soon we were out in the suburbs, new shops, tile-roofed homes, and modern apartment houses rising on all sides in this present rebound from the destruction of the war. But high above and far beyond rose Puk Han's triple-domed skyline, where tiny Buddhist temples still snuggle in little wooded valleys above the sordid world.

As we left the asphalt for the dusty macadam, we came upon vistas of limitless valleys filled



The group m

NO MAN'S LAND

By **ESSON M. GALE**
*Director Emeritus, International Center,
 University of Michigan; Rotarian*

**North
 Korea**

Yellow Sea

**YALU
 RIVER**

Wonsan
 • Pyongyang •

Panmunjom
 Kaesong — Cease-Fire Line 1953

Seoul
 • Inchon

**South
 Korea**

Pusan •

Sea of Japan



North Korea's military post shelters doves. The sign marks center line of no man's land.



eets in a quonset hut a few yards from Communist Korea.

Czechoslovakia, and Sweden and Switzerland. A distinction between the two pairs continues to be observed in that the latter two have their dormitories, mess halls, and club buildings south of the demarcation line, the other two to the north.

Thence we were conducted along the gravelled area up a flight of wooden steps onto a terrace before a one-storied building overlooking by some 40 feet the buildings just visited. This was the dramatic climax of the expedition: the advanced North Korean-Chinese Communist headquarters, housed in a Swisslike chalet. I noticed half a dozen doves under the protruding eaves, doubtless accommodating Picasso doves of peace! Three uniformed individuals stood at the top of the steps, one of them photographing us as we came up. Our physiognomies will repose in Kremlin and Peking files hereafter. A short stocky person in khaki tunic and Cossack riding breeches, blue with red stripes down the sides, and leather boots, made some unintelligible remarks to us as we passed. True to orders we ignored him, though I was tempted to utter something irrelevant in Chinese just to see whether his reaction would be in my own Northern Chinese dialect.

THE Communist headquarters, we were told, is equipped with a telephone attached to a single line running to a similar communications building on the United Nations side. The latter in turn operates its own telephone with a line back to the Communists. Each initiates a call on its own 'phone and line, but receives the reply over the other. These two slender lines are the only official means of communication between North and South Korea.

As we followed the pathway along the ridge which the Communist headquarters crowned, we were confronted by a yellow signboard, signaling in Chinese on one side and Korean and English on the other that this was the very line of demarcation in the exact center of the demilitarized zone. These markers, it was ex-

plained, are placed at frequent intervals all across the abandoned 186 miles that trail from the Yelow to the Japan Seas.

And what a view from this ridge! With powerful field glasses we would see the broad sweep of the river valley, the rickety wooden structure called "Bridge of No Return" with U. N. and Communist guards at either end . . . a distant cluster of thatched roof houses in which the long and agonizing negotiations were held that somehow terminated on July 27, 1953, the bitter fighting in North Korea's tortuous mountains and valleys.

Relieved to turn away from contemplating a world where 72,500 United Nations lives were sacrificed in the name of liberty, we strode briskly back to less somber proceedings. This was a visit to the quarters of the Swedish and Swiss members of the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission. Here friendly flags fluttered, and gay-striped sun umbrellas shaded convivial tables on a terrace. Tall, ruddy North European officers and men strolled about, hospitably explaining their rôles which some wag had themed in a posted motto, "If you can keep calm in all this confusion, you just don't understand the situation."

On our way back, Major General Homer L. Litzenburg, U.S.-M.C., Senior Member of the UNC Military Armistice Commission, greeted us in the recreation hall with a welcome to Seoul Rotary. With maps before him, he lucidly described the military features of the Korean terrain north of where we were, the historic invasion route down from the Yalu on the western side of the Peninsula, and the "trough" that runs from the Seoul region to Wonsan on the East Coast. Of special interest was his account of how the strategic Kaesong area north of the Han River estuary had been relinquished to already occupying North Korean forces, in return, however, for certain rectifications at the center of the line which ensured South Korea a vital hydroelectric reservoir. Many of the hard-fought hills and valleys were pointed out on the maps, recalling such names as Pork Chop Hill,

Heart Break Ridge, and others of tragic memory.

In the question period following, he noted that though the Armistice terms permitted navigation to within a few meters of low water mark on either side of the Han River, trigger-happy Communist patrols on the north bank had abruptly stopped the riverine traffic with a few playful rifle shots. Cheap and bulky cargoes, such as pine-brush fuel for stoking the under-floor flues of Korean houses, which used to come up piled mountain high on flat-bottomed boats, have fallen to a trickle.

With the usual Rotary practice of luncheon before program reversed, now thoroughly hungry Rotarians were obliged to listen to several speeches of welcome and acknowledgment before diving into the magnificent *smörgåsbord* in the Swedish mess hall.

AT the head table sat our genial host, Major General Tore Wigforas, of the Royal Swedish Army; his distinguished guest Major General Litzenburg; and the Korean and American officers of Seoul Rotary. Rotarians filled their plates to sit down at small tables to the "rugged front-line fare." Rotary eloquence could not be stayed even in the face of hunger, Chairman Allen Yun responding appropriately to the cordial welcome. Former Premier Kim Dong-sun, recently returned from a mission of thanks to U. N. countries, recalled the equally delicious foods of his hosts' land. Flash bulbs went off in blinding succession. Fines were ruthlessly imposed and collected by Sergeant at Arms "Johan" McInnes, of Tucson, Arizona, for alleged Club-ruled infractions—for charities.

The busses were ready for the return. As in the warm afternoon sun we again sped through the silent no man's land, we were moved to lift our eyes to Puk Han's sentinel peaks. The Rotary Club of Seoul had had an unforgettable day. Deep indeed was our feeling of gratitude to the men of the United Nations, and their ROK allies, who keep the ceaseless watch on that rampart of liberty, the 38th Parallel.

PEEPS

at Things to Come

BY ROGER W. TRUESDAIL, PH.D.

■ **Transistor Clock.** One small battery keeps an attractive and maintenance-free mantle clock running for five years. A West German-made transistor model with a United States distributor, it operates as follows: The permanent magnet attached to the pendulum dips into a coil at every oscillation and by induction produces a voltage pulse that is fed to the transistor. There it triggers a flow of current from the battery to the drive coil to provide the pendulum with a driving impulse. The transistor thus acts as a contactless switch.

■ **Hand Fuel Pump.** Just imported from Germany to the United States is a one-hand-operated fuel pump with built-in filter for easy and rapid transfer of gasoline to or from car or boat tanks, camp stoves, or containers difficult to empty. It weighs only about four ounces. With acid- and gasoline-resistant flexible tubing, it fits in a small leather envelope which can be tucked away in the glove compartment. Other suggested uses include transfer of insecticides to spray solutions, etc.

■ **Swivel Magnifier.** Designed for hobbyists and home craftsmen, a new four-inch diameter and eight-inch focal length magnifier lens is mounted in a heavy metal frame, with a precision-built swivel for fast, one-hand operation. It may be mounted on a workbench, swing-away light, or fly-tying vise for jobs where precision is demanded.

■ **Precision Pressure Oiler.** A fountain-pen type, pocket-size oiler made in Switzerland and distributed in the United States ejects oil under pressure from a small hollow needle into tiny openings and sucks back excess oil. The pressure ejection feature permits oiling of overhead plane, side, or top surfaces and of areas normally considered inaccessible. It can be carried in a pocket or auto glove compartment since it is claimed to be leakproof. Suggested uses include: projectors, cameras, typewriters, guns, fishing reels, electronic devices, bicycles, office machines, precision gauges, windshield wipers, door hinges, and numerous household items.

■ **Dialing Exposure Meter.** A San Francisco consulting engineer has invented a camera aid whereby the photographer sets the film speed, turns an outer dial to the existing light conditions, and reads direct the camera setting. This handy two-dials-in-one gives the correct exposures for day or night photos, may prove less confusing to some people than many light meters since one simply dials the right exposure. The meter comes in a plastic case with a ready-ref-

erence chart of film speeds and guide numbers, and a concentrated course in photography on a small leaflet.

■ **Power from Atomic Energy.** Low-cost electric power from atomic energy looms closer to reality with the recent disclosure that organic chemicals may be the means to low-pressure cooling and moderating systems in nuclear reactors, permitting simpler and cheaper installations, according to Dr. Malcolm McEwen's report to the American Institute of Chemical Engineers. Two of the major problems in nuclear-reactor design are the removal of the tremendous heat which builds up in its core and the need to "moderate" or slow down high-speed neutrons there to ensure continuing fission. Water is the most widely used coolant-moderator in reactors today, Dr. McEwen pointed out, but requires expensive, corrosion-resistant materials such as stainless steel plus a system which will withstand high pressures.

PEEP-ettes

—Fuse changing is simpler and safer as the result of the invention of a fuse which has a self-contained red neon indicator that lights up when the fuse blows. The indicator fuse can be renewed five times by turning a shock-proof handle.

—Versatile vinyl-plastic item with handles folds compactly for carrying bathing suits, towels, and luncheon to the beach and picnics yet inflates with ease to form a rigid, flat 30-by-30-inch

table for games or meals. Turned over, it serves as a beach pillow for four or more persons.

—Outdoor cooking on the back-yard grill or campfire is simplified by use of a disposable unit which serves as a combination pot, pan, plate, and lid.

—An automatic attachment for soldering guns feeds solder from a spool through a guide tube to the tip of the gun in response to pull on the trigger located alongside the operating trigger of the gun. An arrangement permits the operator to have one hand free to hold the work, thus speeding soldering and improving quality of work.

—Wet turf on golf courses, tennis courts, and baseball and football fields can be dried by a new "mechanical blotter." It is a self-propelled drier featuring a 24-inch-long cellulose sponge roller which holds up to 20 times its weight in water, is squeezed dry by a wringer and the water whisked to a removable sump pan.

—A patented flashlight with a plug-in 30-inch cord with alligator or needle clips can be used as a tester for all kinds of electric circuits, fuses, cords, low-voltage lamps, coils, loose connections, or grounds.

—Synthetic-rubber flooring tiles for outdoor patios, porches, garden paths, or garage approaches are said to show outstanding resistance to combustion, weathering, indentation, scratching, abrasion, discoloration, and soiling. They are tough and flexible, easily installed and cleaned, and available in six colors.

—Miniature field greenhouses are made of a new and tough polyethylene in alternate panels of opaque white film, which acts as a sunshade, and transparent film, which permits the home gardener to watch plant growth. The new plant protectors minimize the dangers of a late frost by providing greenhouse conditions right in the garden.

—An almost odor-free furniture polish containing imported waxes blended with silicones is claimed to make application easy and even, with no streaks after polishing.

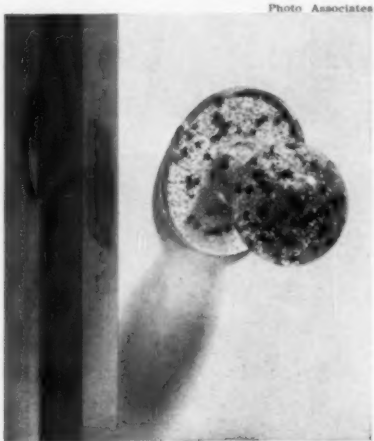
—The efficiency and life of copper wire can be increased by placing on it a thin, protective aluminum "skin" only one-fortieth as thick as the average skin on the human body.

—Versatile new cutting tool is an 18-inch-long flexible pocket saw for gardener, homemaker, and amateur handyman that cuts heavy garden shrubbery, plywood, and tiles, yet coils compactly into its plastic envelope for easy carrying in the pocket.

—The A B C's for the production of industrial motion pictures are given in concise and easily understood language with illustrations, in a new booklet of 75 pages.

* * *

Readers wishing further information about any product mentioned may address inquiries to "Peeps," THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. They will be promptly forwarded to the manufacturer.



A refreshing degree of individuality is possible with a shatter-resistant acrylic resin doorknob. It does not tarnish or lose its luster, is a non-conductor of static electricity generated from rugs, is available in a wide range of complex shapes and colors achieved by embedding metallic flakes.

Slick Way to Build

Ever hear of the lift-slab process of construction? See it here

IF on your Convention trip to Texas next June you visit San Antonio—and it would be a pity not to—head first for that shrine of Texas liberty the Alamo. Next, by all means, go see Trinity University, just five miles away. It will confirm the claim that Texans dream audaciously, and—more important—it may show you how to save big money in your building program back home.

Eight years ago 30 trustees and building-committee members for Trinity sat around a table in abject gloom. They were committed to building an entirely new campus for their 82-year-old Presbyterian university. They needed a minimum of 16 buildings, and had just been told that money available would barely construct one. "Never have I seen any meeting," one said later, "so completely paralyzed with despair."

Today the 16 buildings are in use on what the architectural journals call "the most beautiful college campus in America." Nearly 2,000 students from 40 States of the U. S. and 12 other countries registered last Fall, and the whole educational program is distinguished.

The miracle was "passed" largely by one trustee, Thomas B. Slick. An oil man, educator, rancher, inventor, and scientist, Tom had already founded the Southwest Research Institute for testing all manner of new inventions and for med-

ical and scientific research. He invited his fellow Trinity trustees out to see a "newfangled" building technique. It proved to be newfangled indeed; it has all but revolutionized the building industry.

He took them to a group of reinforced-concrete slabs, poured on the ground on top of one another like a stack of pancakes. "With jacks we'll hoist these slabs up on the steel posts you see sticking through them," Tom explained. "They'll be the floors of the building. We'll lock them in place and install curtain-type walls that bear no weight."

"It's foolish to construct a wooden building, then pour a concrete building inside those forms, then

remove the wood. Too costly. This new method is faster, cheaper, and better all around."

Impressed, the trustees engaged a team of architects to go to work on plans for the school's buildings. The process they would use became known as the Youtz-Slick method, a New York architect, Philip Youtz, having independently hit upon the same idea.

Its very simplicity baffled old-time thinkers. Many feared it. When the first great slab weighing 140 tons was jacked high on its posts, a friend asked Trinity's president, "How'd you like to be standing under that thing?"

"If it splits," he replied, "I might as well be under it." Together the

1. First step in the Youtz-Slick process, as developed at Trinity "U," calls for pouring of a concrete floor out of which will rise steel pillars. Over the floor then goes a seal of building paper. Next you pour another full-size slab right over the first one. And then you pour another slab and another—however many floors you are to have. All are poured atop each other.



3. With the reinforced-concrete slabs up and locked in position to their supporting pillars, you are ready to install light curtain walls of masonry, and glass and metal. In the photo (foreground) is Trinity's McFarlin Dormitory for Women, and to the left of it is the dormitory lounge. These quarters were built at a cost of \$504,638, or at \$9.18 per square foot—a low figure in relation to costs of buildings erected in the conventional manner.



4. Now, with your walls up, your sash glazed, and your planting done, you have fine-line modern buildings (right), as beautiful as they are functional. This is Trinity's Classroom-Administration Building, termed the first major lift-slab structure ever built. At far right is the George Storch Memorial Library with its lovely gardens in the foreground. The entire campus covers 107 acres and overlooks the city of San Antonio five miles away.

a College

where it started—in Texas.

By OREN ARNOLD

two men *did* walk under it, while cameras clicked and a throng of spectators held their breaths.

Since then lift-slab structures have risen throughout the U.S.A. They have withstood hurricanes in New England and earthquakes in California. Some of them are simple three-bedroom homes, but many are huge warehouses and industrial plants.

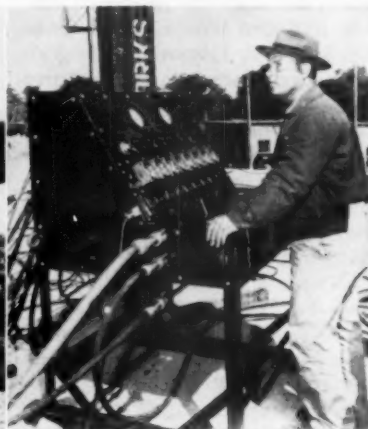
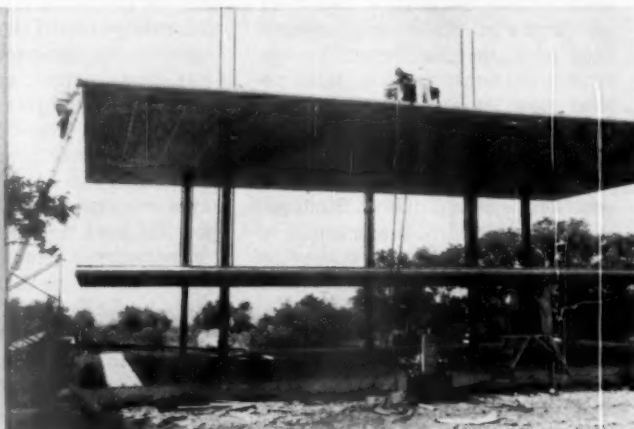
Trinity "U" went a step further and did revolutionary things with landscaping, too. There's a harmony of style, a rightness with the arid Southwest, a far cry from the tradition-bound "halls of ivy."

Best of all, says President James W. Laurie, a San Antonio Rotarian, the whole new campus concept is reflected in the forward-looking attitude of the faculty and students. It has made Trinity a deservedly famous little university.



Trinity University campus . . . showing its 16 modern lift-slab buildings.

2. Now, placing a control panel, which regulates a series of hydraulic jacks, on top of the topmost slab, you begin to raise it on the steel columns to the desired level. The slab slides up the columns, pulled by rods embedded in the concrete. Note control panel on top of ceiling slab and close-up in the photos at the right. A ten-horsepower motor provides the power for the entire lifting operation of the big slabs.



Photos: (top and below) Bland; (left) Zintgraf; (others) Trinity University



HISTORY often has to be unwritten. Sober second thought shows us that what we once regarded as fact was nothing more than gossip, and discredited gossip at that.

For instance, when Thomas Jefferson was Governor of Virginia, he fought a long battle with the established church in his colony. Jefferson won and disestablished the church; and that is history. But the clergy had accused him of being irreverent and godless, a dangerous atheist, and a man without moral standards. That, too, was regarded as history for a time, until research long afterward proved otherwise.

Gossip is one of those portmanteau words, so called because it packs a great deal of meaning within its small compass. It is made up of two Anglo-Saxon words, *god* and *sibb*. *God* needs no definition here, and *sibb* is Saxon for "kin" or "relative." You will find the two of them combined in old England, for "god-sibb" was a name given to all the old folks of the village who were looked upon as godparents by their neighbors.

Any villager meeting one of these old people in the street might say, "Good morning, Gossip Brown. How is your rheumatism today?" These godparents liked to sit on the front step or down by the gate, greeting those who passed by on their way to and from work. Some of these neighbors might pause to leave a bit of news, for they had been where news was made. But perhaps these old folks did not always hear clearly; perhaps when they passed the bit of news along to an aged neighbor it had changed a little; and perhaps that neighbor also might not hear very well or might confuse some of the details.

So gossip came to mean the sort of unverified and often distorted news of the village which came from the lips of old folks. It is a pity that the meaning of the word has somehow turned sour. For gossip can be gracious and kindly, and as often affected by goodwill as by rancor.

Try to imagine, for instance, a village where there is no gossip.

The Good in G O S S I P

*It's the beginning of news and history,
and we can't get along without it.*

By **BURGES JOHNSON**

Author and Essayist

Every citizen in it is, to use a miserable expression, minding his own business, never caring to see what anyone else is doing. There would probably be no charities in such a place, no getting together; no luncheon clubs and sewing bees, no Rotary, no Parent-Teacher Associations, and, in fact, no local news, for news is nothing but verified gossip.

It was my good fortune as a lad to work for a short time under a great city editor, Lincoln Steffens. It was he who first told me that it is the business of a newspaper to collect all the gossip, and then verify it. Just once I began a story with the words "It is reported that," and he could not have been angrier if he had caught me accepting a bribe. "Get back up there and find *it* and make him tell you the facts, and put quotes around what *it* tells you."

News is verified gossip, and history is verified news—verified in the unlimited passage of time; for this reverification may take a few hours or a few thousand years. Scholars today are endlessly checking the legendary accounts of the victories of Genghis Khan, or seeking to reconcile conflicting testimony as to the exact words of Christ. For we know that a vast deal of unverified gossip slips into history's pages, to linger there for generations until the discovery of lost evidence brings us closer to the truth.

It is inevitable that this should

be so. Stories which are passed down from father to son may be intentionally altered to suit the age or the taste of the hearer, without intent to distort; or they may be told with accuracy, but inaccurately heard and still more inaccurately repeated.

It was my good fortune throughout childhood to have a grandfather who lived to the great age of 102, with his mind clear until the end. In one of my talks with him I tried to find out how far back he could remember. "I remember something which happened when I was 5 years old," he said. "My mother had taken me to Elizabethtown (now Elizabeth, New Jersey) to call upon my aunt. I clearly remember that she lifted me up so I could swing the shiny brass knocker on the front door. It was opened by my aunt, who kissed me and offered me cake, and I remember that she said, 'Now I must light all the candles.' I learned afterward that she was doing so because the selectman had directed all citizens to illuminate their houses in honor of the declaration of peace with Great Britain."

That was the peace treaty which was not signed until three years after the War of 1812 and marked the true beginning of the national life of the United States of America. I have told you this, not because the incident will serve to verify any gossip you have heard to the effect that there



Illustration by
Willard Arnold

"These neighbors might pause to leave a bit of news . . . they had been where news was made."

was such a war, but because it shows that three human beings—you and I and my grandfather—standing metaphorically in a row, hand clasping hand, can cover in memory the whole life-span of my nation. It would need only eight or nine human beings standing in such a row, hand clasping hand, to link you at one end with Christopher Columbus at the other. And 24 of us in a row could have you at one end and the man at the other end could be standing on a hillside in Judea listening to a wandering Preacher whose words were destined to change the world's history. Many of that great Teacher's words were written down from hearsay, and after nearly 2,000 years we are still trying to check one listener's testimony against that of another, and so verify the words of Christ.

Most of history is a sort of congealed or petrified gossip and the great task of the historian is to carry on conscientiously its verification.

The historian is handicapped in many ways, and one of the strangest of them is this: that when we human creatures have become quite familiar with a distorted version, that particular version

becomes precious to us and we do not want anyone to monkey with it. All the descendants of Ethan Allen and millions of their contemporaries will fight to retain on history's pages his sonorous command "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Yet we know that such stately phrases were not likely to be his fashion of speech in an excited moment, and we know also that the Continental Congress had not yet come into existence.

The other day I borrowed for a moment the history book which a young neighbor had under his arm on his way home from school. Leafing through its pages I found first of all that "Columbus discovered America," though there was an accompanying paragraph of mild tribute to Leif the Lucky and Eric the Red, who might have been adrift in a boat which was blown against the North American shores, for all the data that were provided. Yet more than 50 years ago scholars in Scandinavian countries were studying the achievements of Northmen on the west side of the Atlantic; and recently records released by the Vatican inform us that a bishop was appointed to serve the colony

in Greenland, and all colonists who may have settled on the other side of the strait, somewhere north of Boston in the 11th Century. Not a year passes which does not add a fragment of evidence to prove that white explorers found their way from the coast perhaps as far west as what are now the Dakotas.

And what of the gossip which is born in political campaigns and may for a short time become history? Gossip not so long ago assured us that a candidate for the Presidency of the U.S.A. was a British citizen, and photostatic copies were broadcast, showing his name on the voting list in an English village. But gossip did not spread abroad the fact that foreigners may vote in English communities while they are temporary taxpayers.

Gossip was garrulous about a President who attempted to "pack" the Supreme Court of the United States by enforcing retirement of Justices at a certain age instead of serving for life. But gossip made no mention of the facts that a committee of the American Bar Association had unanimously urged such action.

Some of these items which were for a time blazoned in big type on the front page of our newspapers will gain foothold for a time in the pages of our school history books. There they will stick until historians not yet born will undertake the task of verification.

Parson Weems, who created the story of George Washington's cherry tree, was a godly man so far as we know, who thought it was more important for children to learn to speak the truth than to learn the truths of history. Someone else could eventually attend to that. In my own youth I learned from my school history books that the only oath George Washington ever uttered was directed at the traitor Lee, who had ordered a retreat of Continental troops at Monmouth Courthouse. No worthy purpose was served by that bit of gossip, for I always wanted to know what he said when he swore, and listened eagerly to grown-up vocabularies of vituperation, to find one worthy of Washington.



IN ROTARY TOGETHER

*Seventy-eight Rotarians—36 fathers, 42 sons—
find additional family fellowship in Rotary.*

(1-2) William V. and Charles Bennett, (3-4) Gibson and James E. Bradfield, (5-6) Vernon and Gene Burkhart, (7-8) William B. and Thomas Cheffy, (9-10) Paul and Frank Damsel, (11-12) St. Clair and Reed Hasbrouck, (13-14) William G. and William G. Neely, Jr., (15-16) Frank and Thomas Robinson, (17-18) Oliver M. and Alton Smith—all of Barnesville, Ohio.

(19-20) Fritz J. and F. Vernon Altwater, (21-22) J. Clinton and J. Clinton Bowman, Jr., (23-24) James E. and John B. Cartwright, (25-26) Van Holt and Van Holt Garrett, Jr., (27-28) Clarence L. and Martin J. Harrington, (29-30) T. Leon and Thomas L. Howard, Jr., (31-32) Lee W. and Robert L. Howsam, (33-34) George L. and George S. Irvin, (35-36) Erle O. and William H. Kistler, (37-38) J. A. and Hover T. Lentz, (39-40) Ralph B. and Ralph B. Mayo, Jr., (41-43) Charles A., Harry A., and James C. Rheem, (44-46) F. Tupper, Keene Z., and F. Tupper Smith, Jr., (47-48) Everett A. and Robert W. Stoffel, (49-50) Robert G. and Robert G. Stovall, Jr., (51-52) Lewis J. and Lewis J. Todhunter, Jr.—all of Denver, Colo.

(53-54) Otto and Walter Buehner, (55-56) Ira F. and Wayne E. Kimball, (57-58) Charles J. and Robert J. Lobb, (59-60) William J. and William C. Marz, (61-62) John, Jr., and Jack Okland, (63-64) C. B. and Neuman C. Petty, (65-66) N. Dee and W. L. Thatcher—all of Sugar House, Utah.

(67-68) L. F. and Harry E. Valentine, (69-70) Carl A. and James C. Hammel, (71-72) Julian B. and Donald J. Brenner, (73-74) Mert and Mert Schwensen, Jr.—all of Clay Center, Kans.

(75-78) Charles M., Jack M., Porter C. Young—all of Helena, Ark., and C. M. Young, Jr., Big Spring, Tex.

Eds. Note: These photos were received prior to August 1, 1957, at which time a change in policy was made. Effective with that date, a father must have two or more sons in Rotary to have his photo appear in these columns. Reason for decision: demands of space.



Photos: (60) Sanns; (73-74) Studio Royal

Elder Statesmen- in Council



Donald A. Adams (1925-26)
Insurance Underwriter
New Haven, Conn.



Herbert J. Taylor (1954-55)
Kitchenware Manufacturer
Chicago, Ill.



Richard C. Hedke (1946-47)
Chemicals Distributor
Detroit, Mich.



H. J. Brunnier (1952-53)
Structural Engineer
San Francisco, Calif.



(Left)
S. Kendrick Guernsey (1947-48)
Insurance Executive
Jacksonville, Fla.

Gian Paolo Lang (1956-57)
Produce Exporter
Livorno, Italy



(Right)
Estes Snedecor (1920-21)
Banker
Portland, Oreg.*

Walter D. Head (1939-40)
Educator
Montclair, N. J.*



A. Z. Baker (1955-56)
Stockyards Executive
Cleveland, Ohio



Charles L. Wheeler (1943-44)
Intercoastal Shipper
San Francisco, Calif.



Allen D. Albert (1915-16)
Journalist
Minneapolis, Minn.*



Russell F. Greiner (1913-14)
Lithographer
Kansas City, Mo.



A MAN serves for a year as President of Rotary International (46 men from ten countries have). When his term expires, he serves for a year as a Director. And then? And then he joins the elder statesmen on the Council of Past Presidents, that highly select Rotary body unparalleled for Rotary experience.

This was not always so. Before the Council was established in 1945, Past Presidential wisdom lay a-wasting, save for occasional demands on it from the Board, the Clubs, and the Districts.

Today every Past President who is still an active, senior active, or past service member of a Rotary Club is a member of the Council, which meets at least once a year—as it did a few weeks ago in Rotary's world headquarters in Evanston, Illinois. The penultimate Past President is Chairman and he, in this case, was A. Z. Baker, of Cleveland, Ohio. The most senior member was Russell F. Greiner, 89, of Kansas City, Missouri, who was President in 1913-14. The newest member present (though he was ex officio, as is the current President, who was visiting Clubs at the time, was Immediate Past President Gian Paolo Lang, of Livorno, Italy.

Sitting down to an agenda of many items listed by its own members and by the Board, the Council thought and talked for two days about the largest of Rotary's administrative problems, about Rotary in a world of tensions and new spatial concepts. Now the measured recommendations of the Council are in the hands of the Board, and Rotary has the satisfaction of having tried to use well what it has.

* The vocations and residences shown in the captions are as of period in which the men held office. Allen Albert now lives in Paris, Ill., and directs an art gallery in Terre Haute, Ind., where he is a member of the local Rotary Club. Estes Snedecor, formerly a banker, is now a referee in bankruptcy. Walter Head is now a member of the Rotary Club of Teaneck, N. J.

Speaking of BOOKS

Journeys into the past—to Civil War America, and to ancient Babylonia.

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

GOOD BOOKS of history give us not only knowledge which it is gratifying to have; they afford also perspective for the present. Our shelf of waiting volumes this month is crowded with such books.

Ivar Lissner, the German author of *The Living Past*, is especially aware of this higher service of historical writing. I believe his "Foreword" is worth quoting, as a foreword also to this article:

Each day of your life happens but once, and can never be recalled. Will you waste this day? Only when you recognize what generations before you have striven for, thought, and achieved will you recognize and best employ the opportunities your own short life affords. And only then will you realize that you are set upon a veritable mountain of human history and civilization which

is the vitality of the writing, the author's sure feeling for the interesting detail, the enlivening phrase. This is one of the richest books I have ever reviewed. I recommend it most emphatically.

One of the most interesting sections of *The Living Past* is that in which Lissner traces the early history of Palestine and presents the evidence for the historical reality of the Hebrew prophets and of Christ and the Evangelists. A supplement to it in this area which will be of especial interest to clergymen and to all students of the New Testament is *Early Sites of Christianity* by another German writer, Peter Bamm. Combining historical background with the writer's personal experience in seeking out these holy places, this book is marked by its devout spirit, its use of modern scientific knowledge in the find-

findings of the past, this noble, sensible (and beautifully designed and printed) big book tells us.

It is merely accidental that I note next yet a fourth work of a contemporary German writer: *The Century of the Surgeon*, by Jürgen Thorwald. Here the recognition of how the present builds on the past is focused on a single century—the 100 years following the discovery of anaesthesia—and on a single field of knowledge. The author has used very effectively a special technique for the presentation of historical events and characters: he writes in the first person, as one who knew and talked with Wells and Morton, Semmelweis and Lister, Koch and Murphy, and many others, and was present as an observer at crucial operations and experiments. The result is all the immediacy and interest of good fiction, with no loss of accuracy or perspective. This seems to me a truly fine achievement. Somewhat similar in employment of fictional techniques is *The Incurable Wound*, a truly fascinating volume of "narratives of medical detection" of the present day by Berton Roueché.

* * *

The first-person narrative, to make the past come alive for the modern reader, has been used with marked success by Thelma Jones in *Once upon a Lake*, a history of Lake Minnetonka in Minnesota. After tracing in admirably concrete and readable fashion the discovery of the lake, its geological origin, and the period of early exploration and settlement, the author gives human fullness and color to the story by a score of personal narratives of representative residents of the lakeside communities. This book is of value not only for Minnesotans, but for all who are interested in the real texture of significant American experience.

The actual words of participants in great events are welded into what might be called a composite historical document by George F. Scheer and Hugh F. Rankin in *Rebels and Redcoats*, subtitled "The Living Story of the American Revolution." Hundreds of excerpts, some short and some long, from letters, diaries, and other contemporary accounts are supplemented by adequate explanatory and narrative materials to afford a continuous record, largely in the words of men and women who were present at and took part in the events reported. The product is a book of unique value and also of sustained interest.

For the whole historical movement of which the American Revolution was a part we could not do better than to read *The Age of Revolution*, Volume Three of Winston S. Churchill's *A History of the English Speaking Peoples*. The old master is unexcelled in the writing of

A pictorial tablet of ancient vintage is one of the illustrations in *The Living Past*, by Ivar Lissner, a book which has the subtitle "7,000 Years of Civilization."



others have built for you over thousands of years. You who live in the 20th Century—do you ever reflect upon this?

Ivar Lissner's book is subtitled "7,000 Years of Civilization." It presents concisely and very readably what is now known about the early civilizations of the Babylonians and Egyptians, Hittites and Assyrians, Carthaginians and the mysterious Etruscans, Incas, and Mayas; indeed the whole ancient history of all the continents. Matching its broad scope

ings of archaeologists, and its sustained and lively interest.

Yet again from Germany is Rudolf Thiel's *And There Was Light*, a history of astronomy from its primitive beginnings to modern astrophysics. This is another volume of great richness of content and of highly admirable organization and execution. Never before in history have so many people been actively aware of the problems of the universe. What is now known, and how that knowledge has been built upon the

clear and vigorous prose. In this volume he demonstrates also his marked skill in selection and organization.

Pre-Revolution America had its full share of rascals and public enemies, as is evidenced by a scholarly and well-written book on a highly limited subject, *Counterfeiting in Colonial America*, by Kenneth Scott. Also specialized is *The Governor and the Rebel*, by Wilcomb E. Washburn, a careful, scholarly



A Derso-Kelen sketch of Winston S. Churchill, whose latest volume of his *A History of the English Speaking Peoples* is now off the press.

study which seems to me to dispose once and for all of the conventional view that Bacon's Rebellion in colonial Virginia was an expression of nascent democratic spirit in the colonies. Instead, Dr. Washburn shows clearly, it was inspired by Governor Berkeley's refusal to sanction a war of extermination against the Indians. The American conscience must bear forever a heavy load of guilt imposed by the treatment of the red men. This is again made inescapably evident in the latest volume of the great Civilization of the American Indian Series of the University of Oklahoma Press—the 47th—*The Seminoles*, by Edwin C. Reynolds. In this volume, as in its companions, thorough scholarship is combined with notably competent writing to yield an absorbing dramatic story—one marked, as are so many of this series, by broken treaties and the triumph of greed over justice.

Bridging roughly the same period of time in a far different area is Marjorie Wilkins Campbell's finely balanced and rounded history of *The North West*

A genuine New York and counterfeit Virginia bill are shown in *Counterfeiting in Colonial America*. Both warn of the death penalty for counterfeiters.



MARCH, 1958

Company—a work particularly brilliant in its projection of actual characters and specific events; and Thomas H. Raddall's *The Path of Destiny*. This is Volume Three of the Canadian History Series, edited by Thomas B. Costain, and tells the story of Canada from the British Conquest to Home Rule, 1763-1850. I have only the highest praise for this close-packed volume. It is a truly fine example of the art of writing history: a book at once immensely informative and illuminating, and a positive pleasure to read.

The same all but superlative praise is fully merited by Clifford Dowdey's *The Great Plantation*, which the author calls a "profile" of Berkeley Hundred in particular, and of plantation Virginia in general, from Jamestown to Appomattox. I have had occasion in this department in earlier years to record my appreciation of Clifford Dowdey's distinction as a writer of history. In this new volume he reveals the past largely in terms of the dramatic experiences of individual men and women—the successive masters and mistresses of Berkeley Hundred. Since unflinchingly these people participated in the major events of their times, the whole of American history from its beginnings to the Civil War stands as background for this deeply sensitive and sympathetic recreation of the manners and the meaning of the best in plantation life. A perfect supplement to the closing chapters of Clifford Dowdey's narrative is provided by Katharine M. Jones' *The Plantation South*. This is a collection of descriptions of plantations and plantation life by nearly 50 writers—Southerners and visitors to the South—covering the period from 1815 to 1860. I believe this is the best anthology on a specific historical subject I have ever seen. The selections are invariably interesting and invariably illuminating. I feel safe in saying that in their collective entirety they afford the most vivid and accurate portrayal of the ante-bellum South ever offered in a single volume.

Production of books about the American War between the States has perhaps been accelerated by the approaching centenary. Certainly they are coming thick and fast. Nearly a score have already accumulated on my "waiting" shelf—obviously too many for our attention this month. Perhaps we can treat them later on. Meanwhile I want to mention two which are of the "personal participant" kind I've been stressing in this article: *When the World Ended*, *The Diary of Emma Le Conte*, edited by Earl Schenck Miers; the moving and pathetic account of a Georgia girl's personal experience at the time of Sherman's conquest; and *Inside the Confederate Government*, *The Diary of Robert Garlick Hill Kean*, edited by Ed-

ward Younger. This candid record, day by day, of men and events as observed by the head of the Confederate Bureau of War is a hitherto-unpublished document of the very highest interest and value.

Also I want to single out two "Northern" books for special recommendation at this time. *The Twentieth Maine*, by John J. Pullen, demonstrates what unqualifiedly good reading a regimental history can be (but seldom is). Pullen had a great subject in the story of a famous volunteer regiment—with its climax at Little Round Top—and he has done it justice, which is saying a great deal. This book is indeed a fine piece of writing. Incidentally, Pullen has made extensive and fruitful use of firsthand records of experience of camp life, marches, and the battlefield, from letters and journals of both officers and enlisted men of the Twentieth Maine.

The other book which I welcome especially is *Mr. Lincoln's Washington*, by Stanley Kimmel, a big book of pictures from newspapers and other contemporary sources, with parallel text. Mr. Kimmel largely succeeds in his purpose of giving an intimate view of the actual texture of daily experience in wartime Washington.

Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:

The Living Past, Ivar Lissner (Putnam, \$5.95).—*Early Sites of Christianity*, Peter Bamm (Pantheon, \$4.50).—*And There Was Light*, Rudolf Thiel (Knopf, \$6.95).—*The Century of the Surgeon*, Jürgen Thorwald (Pantheon, \$5.95).—*The Incurable Wound*, Berton Roueché (Little, Brown, \$3.50).—*Once upon a Lake*, Thelma Jones (Ross & Haines, Minneapolis, \$4.95).—*Rebels and Redcoats*, George F. Scheer and Hugh F. Rankin (World, \$7.50).—*The Age of Revolution*, Winston S. Churchill (Dodd, Mead, \$6).—*Counterfeiting in Colonial America*, Kenneth Scott (Oxford, \$5).—*The Governor and the Rebel*, Wilcomb E. Washburn (University of North Carolina Press, \$5).—*The Seminoles*, Edwin C. Reynolds (University of Oklahoma Press, \$5.75).—*The North West Company*, Marjorie Wilkins Campbell (St. Martin's Press, \$6).—*The Path of Destiny*, Thomas H. Raddall (Doubleday, \$5).—*The Great Plantation*, Clifford Dowdey (Rinehart, \$6).—*The Plantation South*, Katharine M. Jones (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5).—*When the World Ended*, edited by Earl Schenck Miers (Oxford, \$4).—*Inside the Confederate Government*, edited by Edward Younger (Oxford, \$5).—*The Twentieth Maine*, John J. Pullen (Lippincott, \$5).—*Mr. Lincoln's Washington*, Stanley Kimmel (Coward-McCann, \$7.50).



President-Elect Abraham Lincoln arrives at the capital in 1861: a scene from *Mr. Lincoln's Washington*.

PERSONALIA

'Briefs' about Rotarians, their honors and records

NOMINATED. CLIFFORD A. RANDALL, an attorney of Milwaukee, Wis., is the choice of the Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International for 1958-59. The Committee made the nomination at its meeting in Evanston, Ill., in January.

ROTARIAN RANDALL practices law in



Clifford A. Randall, Milwaukee, Wis., the Nominee of the Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International for year 1958-59 (also see item).

Milwaukee and is a Director of four firms, among them the Milwaukee Investment Company. He is a member of the Wisconsin Metropolitan Study Commission and of the Marquette University President's Advisory Council. He is a past director of the American Planning and Civic Association.

A Past President of the Rotary Club of Milwaukee, he has been a member of that Club since 1936. He has served Rotary International as Director, as District Governor, and as a Committee Chairman and member. He is now Chairman of the Finance Committee.

ROTARIAN RANDALL holds and has held numerous offices in community-improvement organizations.

Yankee Clipper. Newspaper clippings are helping ROBERT G. THOMPSON, of Point Loma, Calif., bridge the oceans. Whenever he spots a news item that may contribute to international understanding—such as the celebration in his home town of Mexico's Independence Day, or the winning of an American fishing derby by a Japanese-American—he clips the item and sends it with brief comment to an appropriate Rotary

Club abroad. The results—in appreciative, friendly, and informative letters from Rotary Clubs that receive his clippings—are so worth while that ROTARIAN THOMPSON is clipping along in his project at an increasing rate.

Santa Claus Retires. In Barre, Vt., 200 to 300 needy youngsters have their stockings filled each Christmas by members of the town's Santa Claus Club. Broken toys collected from families about town and remade like new by local firemen provide the stuffing. Founder of the Club 33 years ago, and for many years "Chief Santa Claus," was DR. HOWARD A. DREW. Now retiring after 40 years of practice and moving to a sunnier clime, ROTARIAN DREW received a warm and stirring tribute at a farewell Rotary meeting. But though he has departed from Barre, DR. DREW's yule project will live on, and Barre children may not even know that the original Santa Claus has retired—which is just fine with DR. DREW.

Heartening. It takes more than a heart attack to flatten the spirit of DR. JAMES E. BLISS, of Fillmore, Calif. The evidence is this epistle which the bed-ridden dentist penned for his Club bulletin:

TAKE HEART
While coronary occlusion
'Ain't very amusin'
It makes time for snoozin'
And lots of perusin'!

Apparently his philosophical attitude helped; after five weeks at home he returned on a part-time basis to his practice.

Trained Trio. Indoctrinating the three new members of the Rotary Club of Bend, Oreg.—and all of whom were admitted recently on the same day—should be no trouble. They might even have some answers for which no questions can be found, for they are all Past Presidents of Rotary Clubs in their former cities. WILLIAM G. ELLIS, from



On the day the Rotary Club of Jogjakarta, Indonesia, was reestablished, this portrait of charter member His Highness Pangeran Adipati Ario Paku Alam VII and of Club founder G. J. H. Westenek was presented to the Club by the Rotary Club of Malang, Indonesia. Jogjakarta was Java's first.

Juneau, Alaska; ROY L. SAILER, from Pratt, Kans.; and JOHN C. SEDELL, from Redmond, Oreg., are the experienced neophytes.

Rotarian Honors. Named "1957 Newsmen of the Year" for Texas was JOE M. LEONARD, SR., of Gainesville, Tex., who was honored by the Sigma Delta Chi national professional journalism fraternity. . . . BENJAMIN J. WILLIS, of Norfolk, Va., is the recipient of the 1957 Cavalier Award. The award is given each year to the U.S.A. furniture merchant who best serves his industry, community, and country. . . . DR. ALBERT A. MARTUCCI, of Philadelphia, Pa., has been presented a Presidential Citation for a "physician in Pennsylvania who has done outstanding work with the handicapped."



Willis

Dream Realized. A bridge that he will never cross is the realized dream of the late JOHN C. TULLOCH, an Ogdensburg, N. Y., Rotarian. Since 1933, when he served on a commission which considered placing a bridge across the St. Lawrence River from Ogdensburg to Prescott, Ont., Canada, JOHN TULLOCH, an attorney, had worked steadily to realize his dream. Just before his recent death he spearheaded a bridge-

The Goodmans: Rotarian Harry Goodman, of New Glasgow, N. S., Canada, and his four Rotarian sons. Waldo and Bernard are on the left, Hy and Nordau on the right.



building plan which was approved by the New York State Legislature. Shortly after work began on the Ogdensburg bridge, ROTARIAN TULLOCH died. But his great contribution will not be forgotten. A fund to erect a memorial to him beside the completed bridge has reached the sum of \$3,000, thanks to Rotarians and his many other friends.

Bell Biographer. The church bells which have for generations called the people of Dedham, Mass., to divine service have a fascinating history, as 85-year-old FRANK W. KIMBALL, a Dedham Rotarian, illustrates in a pamphlet he recently wrote. One was cast by famous metalsmith and Revolutionary hero PAUL REVERE, and another was originally bequeathed by CAPTAIN THOMAS CROMWELL, a famous pirate.

Fund Raiser. To celebrate the publication of his 18th book, GEORGE A. MALCOLM, of Hollywood, Calif., a Past District Governor of Rotary International, made a unique proposal. The full retail price of all books sold to fellow members of the Hollywood Club would go into a fund for a project the Club would select. He made the same offer to two other Clubs in which he holds honorary membership: those of Jackson, Mich., and Manila, The Philippines. As a result, his home Club raised \$250 for a Magsaysay Liberty Well, the Jackson Club raised \$520 for a playground, and the Manila Club raised \$230. The book, *American Colonial Careerist*, tells of his experiences during a half century in The Philippines, where he served from 1917 to 1936 as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

Day for Don. It's been 35 years since DONALD MAXWELL joined the Rotary Club of Westfield, N. J., and in that time he's



Maxwell

not only never missed a meeting, but he's served as a Director for 34 years, has been either President, Vice-President, Secretary, or Treasurer for 33 years, and has attended ten Conventions of Rotary International. To honor him for his remarkable record, fellow members recently held a "Day for Don" at a regular Club meeting attended by friends from far and near, and officers and past officers of the Club and of the District.

Newsletter from Home. Since 1943, YMCA Executive ARTHUR L. BARBER, a Meriden, Conn., Rotarian, has sent 135,000 copies of newsletters to Meriden men in the armed forces. Chockful of local news, the letters—90 issues to date—keep servicemen abreast of happenings at home ranging from fires to sports to political developments. They'll need no catching up when they get home.

Banner Men. There is such a thing



Forty years after they played their last game together, members of the University of North Carolina's 1917 basketball team gathered for a reunion at the Governor's Mansion in Raleigh, N. C., as the guest of teammate Luther H. Hodges, a Past Director of Rotary International and now Governor of North Carolina (above, first man, second row, and below, second man, first row). There, too, were Rotary International President Charles G. ("Buzz") Tennent (above, first row, second man, and below, far right, second row) and Buzz's brother, Rotarian George R. Tennent, of Hopewell, Va., the team captain (holding ball in both pictures). All living teammates attended.



as a "Rotary hobby." Among the most popular ones is collecting Club banners from near and far. DR. ERNEST E. WISE, of Monterey, Calif., is one of the many collectors. He has visited more than 100 Rotary Clubs in other nations and has a banner from each of them. . . . The Rotary Club of Oildale, Calif., has a colorful collection. Augmenting it recently was IRA E. PORTER, who recently made a Far Eastern trip and came back with banners from Alaska, Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Hawaii. . . . RENE

DE VARANNE, of Indio, Calif., took a 75-day flight around the world not long ago, and returned with banners from Portugal to Greece to Kashmir and Japan, plus points in between. . . . A recent banner from Berlin, Germany, given to the Rotary Club of Maumee, Ohio, was presented by THE REVEREND ARTHUR SIEBENS, who happens to be an American but is also a member of the Rotary Club of Berlin.

Idea? Do you have an amateur artist in your Club? Then you may wish to consider a scheme that has enlivened the bulletin of the Rotary Club of Melbourne, Fla. Each week a brief biography of a Club member is published in the bulletin. Illustrating it is a sketch of the "Man of the Week" drawn by talented S. J. CORRAO, who also happens to be editor of the bulletin. It's a good way, he has found, to help make sure everybody knows everybody.

'Charter' Pianist. In 1922 RUBY DAVIS, now an insurance executive, played the piano at the first meeting of the Rotary Club of Waynesboro, Ga. She must have made a hit—for she's been accompanying the Club ever since!

Three generations of the Kindel family attend Rotary meetings in Grand Rapids, Mich.: sons Charles M. and Thomas G.; grandson Charles E., son of Charles M.; grandfather Charles J.



Rotary REPORTER

News and photos from
Rotary's 9,679 Clubs

All Hail to the Old Hands!

Every year there are about half a million Rotary meetings, so it stands to reason that some should be "on the special side," so to speak. At least two recent meetings saluted "old-timers," the affectionate appellation given to veteran members in some Rotary Clubs. In MARLBOROUGH, MASS., Rotary Club President Ralph Anderson passed out nine special 35-year membership buttons, three 30-year buttons, and three 25-year buttons to fellow members. A rousing chorus of K-K-K-Katie opened the ceremonies. Fred T. Boyd, of CONCORD, MASS., Governor of District 791, traced the growth of Rotary International in a speech before the group.

The Rotary Club of SHERBROOKE, QUE., CANADA, hailed 16 of its long-time members, each of whom has been a member of the SHERBROOKE Club 25 years or longer. Past Presidents of Rotary Clubs in the HOUSTON, TEX., area received the red-carpet treatment from the Rotary

the entire Club filed through labyrinthine cellars of a local wine manufacturer and learned about the ageing processes of various wines.

Shady Lane for Peace

Aboriculturally speaking, a tree is a woody perennial characterized by a single trunk that terminates in a well-defined crown. But to many people a tree is also a symbol of hope, of peace, of friendship. The Rotary Club of WHYALLA, AUSTRALIA, and the local Good Neighbor Council are planting a garden of international friendship and understanding, and a portion of it is an avenue of trees. A few months ago 22 trees were planted by residents who by birth represented as many different nations. They were "New Australians," recent immigrants of the country. It was the third group of trees planted by the two organizations.

The Rotary Club of TSURUGA, JAPAN, presented two Metasequoia trees to each of five schools in its community. The presentation was made on the "Day of Culture," a national holiday in Japan.

City and Farm Pals

Between many communities and the people who live in the surrounding rural areas there are closer ties nowadays, thanks in large part to efforts of Rotary Clubs. The Rotary Club of MADISON, WIS., for instance, re-

affirmed its interest in local 4-H and Future Farmers of America projects by visiting the closing auction of the 42d South Wisconsin Junior Livestock Exposition. The Club wound up buying the reserve grand champion steer!

The Rotary Club of WOODSTOCK, VA., has started a "sheep chain" by purchasing four purebred Hampshire ewes and giving them to a local 4-H youth. In two years the member will return four ewe lambs to the Club, which in turn will give them to another youth.

Another successful rural-urban meeting was staged by the Rotary Club of TRENTON, ONT., CANADA, recently. Kenneth G. Partridge, of PORT CREDIT, ONT., CANADA, a Past Director of Rotary International, addressed the large group.

Don't Draw, Stranger, Shake!

DEADWOOD, SO. DAK., comes in for frequent mention in the lore of the American West. In 1875, when gold was discovered in the Black Hills region, DEADWOOD was "plumb in the center" of the great rush that followed. High on a hill overlooking DEADWOOD are buried some of the West's most fabled figures, including "Wild Bill" Hickok and "Calamity" Jane. Well, when District Governor Roy Doherty, whose home bunk is in PIERRE, SO. DAK., moseyed into this town for his official visit a while ago, he wasn't too surprised when a pack of men who looked as if they had just stepped from the pages of a Western pulp magazine gave him a hearty welcome. They wore boots and derbies, leather vests, stovepipe hats and cutaway coats, sidearms, and false mustaches—and familiar-looking Rotary badges. It was all a bit of pageantry which made for a real live DEADWOOD reception for Governor Roy.

What Better Place to Meet?

"Goodness, what a place to meet!" With these words the officer in the uniform of the Indian Army reached across the table and clasped the hand of a surprised officer in the uni-



To publicize activities of the International Geophysical Year, the Rotary Club of Great Barrington, Mass., sent this world globe on a trip to all the Clubs in District 789. A ten-minute program, including an "IGY" song written by a Great Barrington Rotarian, accompanies it. This picture was taken when the globe arrived at the Rotary Club of Springfield, Mass. At the far left is the District Governor, Harold F. Lawler, of Greenfield, Mass.

Club of NORTH SIDE (HOUSTON). All but two of the still active Past Presidents of the Rotary Clubs of HOUSTON, HARRISBURG, SOUTH END, NORTH SIDE, SPRING BRANCH, and HOUSTON HEIGHTS, TEX., attended the meeting, which was addressed by Jewel A. Benson, of HARRISBURG, Governor of District 589.

The Rotary Club of RALEIGH, N. C., recently honored its Past Presidents. Of the 44 men who have served as that Club's top officer, 24 still are members. "And," a Club spokesman reports, "each one is active on a Club Committee."

In SAN DIEGO, CALIF., the OLD MISSION Rotary Club held a recent meeting in a local synagogue, dined on Jewish foods, and heard a lecture on Jewish customs and symbols. . . . In YENDA, AUSTRALIA,



On Chicago's busiest street corner, State and Madison, members of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Ill., serve the cause of public health by urging citizens to take advantage of a tuberculosis check in the mobile x-ray unit.

Toys help to brighten the weary days for young patients in the General Hospital in Nellore, India. Local Rotarians distributed toys and fruit to the children during this recent visit.



form of the Australian Army. The scene was the weekly meeting of the Rotary Club of LEAVENWORTH, KANS. Lieutenant Colonel Reginald S. Noronha, of the Indian Army, and Lieutenant Colonel Norman R. McLeod, of the Australian Army, had last seen each other while serving as members of the British Commonwealth Occupation Forces in Japan more than a decade ago. Today the men are part of a 110-man group of officers from 44 Allied countries who are taking regular courses at the U. S. Army Command and General Staff College. A Club spokesman writes: "LEAVENWORTH Rotary is fortunate in always having three or four foreign officer members on its roster. They are active, and I mean active, Committee members and Chairmen."

Eight Clubs Mark 25th Year Eight Rotary Clubs observe the 25th anniversary of their charters this month. Congratulations! They are IRVINGTON, N. J.; ESBJERG, DENMARK; NEWPORT, ARK.; JOÃO PESSÔA, BRAZIL; SEGUIN, TEX.; BAHIA, BRAZIL; HINGHAM, MASS.; AND WASHINGTON, N. J.

The Rotary Club of CLEVELAND, OHIO, turned 47 years old late last year with five of its charter members still on the rolls. Three were present for the anniversary meeting.

June Opie: Girl with a Story Most, if not all, of the Rotarians who will gather in AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, this month for their District Conference (292) know the story of the young woman who will address them.* It is a story of her fight to live after poliomyelitis had completely paralyzed her, and of the Rotarians and other people who aided her on the weary road to recovery. June Opie's first contact with Rotary was in WHANGAREI, NEW ZEALAND, where she was employed as a speech therapist. The local Rotary Club furnished equipment for the clinic where she worked. Later she went to England, and in London, in 1947, she contracted polio. Able to move only her eyelids, she was placed in an iron lung and knew only the routine of the hospital and pain and worry about her dwindling finances. One day a Rotarian from WHANGAREI stopped to see her, and from then on, Miss Opie reports, she was an "adopted daughter of Rotary."

Rotary Clubs in the LONDON area heard of her plight, and they took care of her hospital and medical fees, gave her a new wheel chair, and provided companionship for her. When she returned to New Zealand and another year of convalescence, New Zealand Rotarians stepped into the "foster parent" rôle. Today she is well, working in a hospital in ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND, where she teaches brain-injured children how to speak. Her Rotary ties still are close, for the Rotarians in ROTORUA who take the

***ENS. NOTE:** A letter at presstime from District Governor Anthony C. Morcom-Green, of Onehunga, New Zealand, bears the news that Miss Opie recently suffered a broken arm and leg in an automobile accident. It is not yet known whether she will be able to address the District Conference as planned.



Photo: MacKellar

These 28 Rotarians of Columbiana, Ohio, made a flying trip to London, Ont., Canada, for a day of sight-seeing, special tours, and meetings with Rotarians of the city. The sign in lower left reads "Columbiana—The Biggest Little Town in Ohio."



Photo: DiGennaro

The outstanding senior student of each of 13 nursing schools in the Baltimore, Md., area were special guests of the Rotary Club of Baltimore. Each received a certificate of achievement from the Club. Dr. Ruth Freeman, president of the National League of Nursing, gave the group a report on the work of the League.

Photo: Short



If this photograph had sound, you'd hear a vigorous rendition of Ach Du lieber Augustin, because that's what the "Rota-Tones" are playing. All the musicians are members of the Rotary Club of Lansingburgh (Troy), N. Y. They perform gratis for the other Clubs, homes for the aged, and for the local charitable organizations.

hospital children for drives in the country nearly always stop and say "hello" to Miss June Opie.

Rotary Clubs in many places are helping to rehabilitate patients, ease financial burdens of the sick, and provide better medical facilities. In WATERBURY, VT., for example, the 37 members of the local Rotary Club entertained 30 patients of the Vermont State Hospital. A tour of the town and a visit to private homes brightened the lives of the patients. The visit was a "first" in the history of the hospital.

A familiar classification has long gone unfilled in the Rotary Club of Rockwood, Mich., that of "physician and surgeon."

The chief reason why the Club has been unable to lend it for the past eight years has been a distressing one to many in this southeastern Michigan town; no doctor has practiced here since 1949. The new physician (and new member of the Rotary Club of Rockwood) is Dr. Bozidar Momcilovich, a Hungarian-born, naturalized citizen of CANADA. The Club learned that he was interested in practicing in Rockwood, and helped speed the processing of his immigration papers.

The Rotary Club of GREENWOOD, S. C., financed a survey of the needs of its local Brewer Hospital. The public report reviewed the hospital's clinical ac-

tivities, physical plant and equipment, and capacity. The report is designed to aid authorities in any future expansion plans.

'Home of Their Own' In STRATFORD, NEW ZEALAND, a modern concrete-block building with cheery pastel interiors is bringing sunshine into the lives of scores of elderly citizens of the area. The building was a struggling project of the District Old Folks Association when, in 1955, the STRATFORD Rotary Club, desiring a special project for Rotary's Golden Anniversary Year, asked to help the Association reach its goal. Last August the new home, which cost more than £5,300, was opened. It has a spacious main hall, large lounge, and a modern kitchen. Rent from two shops occupying one side of the building helps pay the Home's operation costs.

28 New Clubs in Rotary World Since last month's listing of new Clubs in this department,

Rotary has entered 28 more communities in many parts of the world. The new Clubs (with their sponsors in parentheses) are: New Martinsville (Wheeling), W. Va.; Jadotville (Elisabethville), Belgian Congo; Sawara (Chiba and Choshi), Japan; Bloomfield Hills (Pontiac), Mich.; Market Harborough, England; Basavilbaso (Concepción del Uruguay), Argentina; Coon Rapids (Carroll), Iowa; Luluabourg (Léopoldville), Belgian Congo; Asmara (Addis Ababa), Ethiopia; Delmar (Albany), N. Y.; Locust Valley (Glen Cove), N. Y.; Naerbö (Sandnes), Norway; Altena-Werdohl-Plettenberg (Lüdenscheid), Germany; Pordenone (Udine), Italy; Arrah (Patna), India; São Paulo-Penha (São Paulo Leste), Brazil; Ladner (Marpole [Vancouver]), B. C., Canada; Opladen (Wuppertal), Germany; Genoa (Sycamore), Ill.; Yokote (Akita and Yuzawa), Japan; Hakodate-East (Hakodate), Japan; Brazzaville (Bangui), French Equatorial Africa; Escobar (Pilar), Argentina; Spenard (Anchorage), Alaska; Oude en Nieuwe Pekela (Wischoten), The Netherlands; Levittown (Farmingdale), N. Y.; San José de la Esquina (Cañada de Gómez), Argentina; Billimora (Surat), India.

Le Drumstick Est Delicieux! At least 151 visiting students will return to their homelands singing the praises of golden-roasted turkey and candied yams. And they will no doubt include a verse on the Rotary hospitality which introduced them to the succulent fare that loads American tables on the Thanksgiving holiday. Forty such students tied into drumsticks as guests of the Rotary Club of DAVENPORT, IOWA, last year. In OSAGE, IOWA, 34 students from the State University of Iowa visited homes of local Rotarians and were special guests at a Club banquet. The OSAGE Rotary Club has entertained 278 students from 51 lands in the past eight years.

In PINE GROVE, PA., Rotarians helped to arrange a three-day visit for 17 in-

Here are some personalities who have made news in Rotary in recent months.

Names Make News in ROTARY



D. S. Saund, United States Congressman from California, tells the Rotary Club of Yokohama, Japan, of his Government experiences. Born in India, he emigrated to the United States, served as a judge in Imperial County before his election to U. S. Congress.



Miss Nancy Denner, Miss Oklahoma and runner-up in the 1957 Miss America Pageant, graced the rostrum of the Rotary Club of Enid, Okla., recently. The proud gentleman at her side is her uncle, Ferd Denner, who has 33 years' perfect attendance in the Enid Club.



Marguerite Stitt Church (center), United States Congresswoman from Illinois, spoke at a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Franklin Park, Ill. With her are Mrs. Ed Slattery, wife of a Chicago Rotarian, District Governor Ralph Morgan, of Joliet, Ill.



Miss K. Feisel, of Canada, General Nurse Educator of the World Health Organization in Patna, India, addresses a meeting of the Rotary Club of Ranchi, India, commemorating the birthday of Florence Nightingale. The Club invited all the local hospital personnel.

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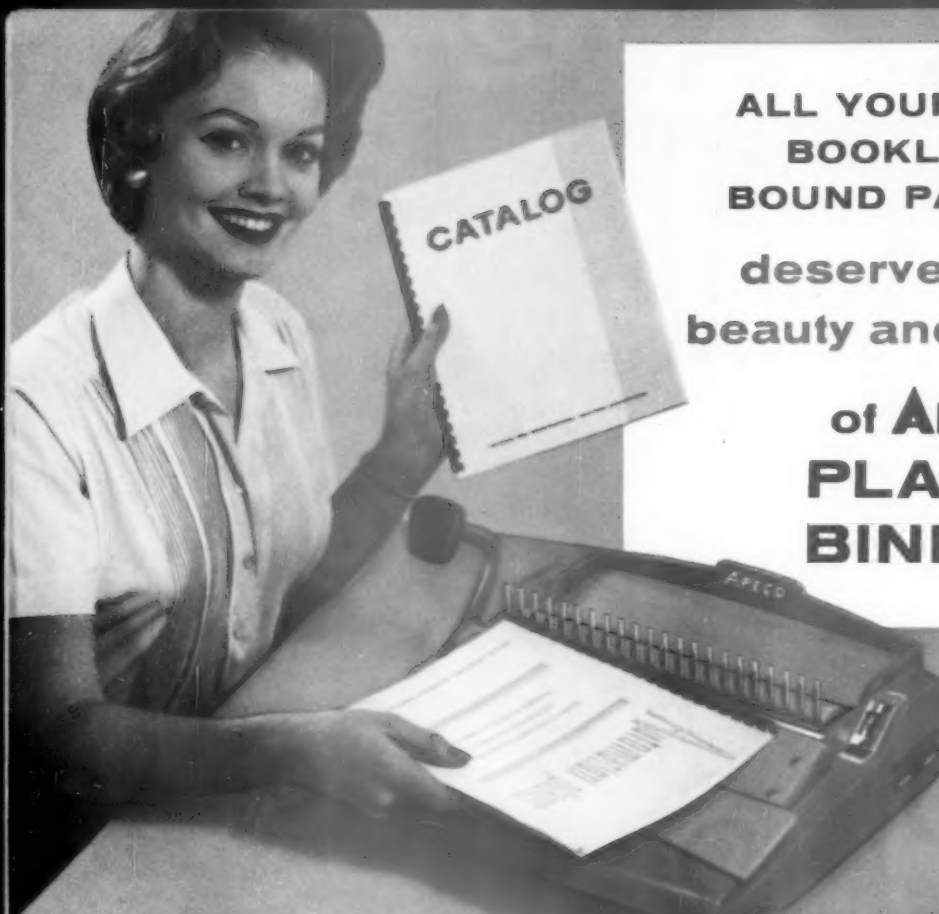
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The Governor of Bombay State, India, Shri Prakassa, addresses the 81 members of the Rotary Club of Nagpur. India has more than 170 Rotary Clubs, 6,500 Rotarians. Rotary was introduced in this country 39 years ago.



Photo: Reisman

Television personality Ed Sullivan spoke at combined Thanksgiving meeting of the Rotary Club of Cleveland, Ohio, and the Advertising Club. With him: Carl George (left), Rotary Club President, and Rotarian Philip Porter, President of the Advertising Club.



Photo: Newport Daily News

Vice-Admiral Stuart H. Ingersoll, president of the U. S. Naval War College, discusses satellites and missiles before the Rotary Club of Newport, R. I. At left is Rotarian Henry C. Wilkerson, Mayor of Newport; at right is Club President Robert E. O'Neil.



Education and recreation are the topics as Rotarians and members of the recreation board of Pekin, Ill., converse with their overseas guest, Dr. Ali-Ashgar Emami-Ahari (fifth from left) from the Ministry of Education in Teheran, Iran.

Photo: Rotarian Mono Mitra



Sri P. C. Sen (seated), West Bengal's Minister of Food, Relief, and Rehabilitation, addresses the Rotary Club of South West Calcutta, India. At the microphone in the photo is Rotarian Gene Conklin, of Hutchinson, Kans., a Past Director of Rotary International.



The Governor of Kerala State, India, Dr. B. Ramakrishna Rao, leads a toast at a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Allepey, India, where he was guest.



The Ambassador of the Republic of China to the United States, Hollington K. Tong, addresses a United Nations Day program in the Rotary Club of Buffalo, N. Y. Fifteen overseas students were invited to the meeting.

Photo: Rotarian J. Funakoshi



Mitsuji Matsumoto, captain of the Soya, an observation ship which took part in a recent Antarctic expedition, shares his experiences in a joint meeting of Rotary Clubs of Naruto, Tokushima, and Komatsushima, Japan. The speaker was born and reared in Komatsushima.



Photo: Colorado State University

Turkey with all the trimmings loaded the tables of an international party in Fort Collins, Colo. (also see item.)

Photo: Marion



Boy Scouts in three Michigan counties use this combination headquarters and health lodge at Camp Roto-Kiwan on Bass Lake. The Rotary Club of Kalamazoo, Mich., built the lodge, raising the construction funds (\$7,000) through its annual sponsorship of a Western Michigan "U" football game.



When Rotarians get together aboard the S.S. Statendam, they will want to use this lectern given to the Dutch ship and to all Rotary Clubs in The Netherlands by the Rotary Clubs of Altoona and Reading, Pa.; Atlanta, Ga.; Pella, Iowa; Sacramento, Calif.; and St. Joseph-Benton Harbor, Mich.

Photo: Rotarian H. B. Wadewitz



ternational students now enrolled at Pennsylvania State University. The program included church services, a banquet, a tour of coal-mining operations, and visits to private homes. The program is in its third year.

In FORT COLLINS, COLO. (see photo also), the local Rotary Club teamed with Colorado State University in sponsoring a Thanksgiving dinner party for 60 visiting students of the school. Nearly 100 Rotarians and their wives attended the dinner. Diplomatic representatives of England, Costa Rica, and France were also present. The Club has formed "Home Away from Home" and "Know America" Committees in connection with long-range plans for contacts with students from abroad.

In other Rotary-student activities, 14 students from eight different countries were week-end guests of the Rotary Club of PLANO, ILL. . . . The Rotary Club of BLOOMINGTON, IND., frequently hosts international students at its meetings. BLOOMINGTON is the site of Indiana University, which currently has on its campus 500 students from 66 lands other than the United States.

Welcome, Wife!

WHEN a new member is welcomed into the Rotary Club of Covina, Calif., his wife attends the first meeting and is also introduced. Writes a Club member's wife: "It seems to me to be a wonderful way to give wives an idea of the aims and ideals of Rotary, and a sense of the fellowship which is so much a part of it."

How to Shrink the World

"... to involve every Club member in an effort to advance international understanding, goodwill, and peace through discussion and personal action." This is the job of the International Service Committee of a Rotary Club, and here is what some of these Committees are doing: The Rotary Club of WEST PALM BEACH-SOUTH, FLA., has tape-recorded a program of music and information about its community for distribution to other Rotary Clubs.

During an International Service Week in BRISTOL, ENGLAND, the local Rotary Club invited 21 visiting students to its Club meeting, and with the help of the Rotary Clubs of BEDMINSTER and KINGSWOOD (BRISTOL) arranged a full week of visits with them.

Thirty youths from 16 countries currently studying and working in England were guests of the Rotary Club of BROM-

Mr. Average Citizen of Chowchilla, Calif., is attending the Fair. The day is hot, his throat is dry, and lo! a welcome sight: a drinking fountain. He sees the plaque, quenches his thirst, and no doubt makes a mental note that the local Rotarians who built it are a pretty thoughtful crew.



Photo: Rushville Times

John Taylor (right) was selected by the Rotary Club of Rushville, Ill., as the outstanding junior exhibitor in the Schuyler County fair. Russell Carson, Club President, presents the plaque.

LEY, ENGLAND, at a lively "Any Questions?" session, a question-and-answer free-for-all that brought forth such queries as "Why do women wear high heels?" and "What are English views on witchcraft today?" A refreshment and get-acquainted period that followed convinced BROMLEY Rotarians that they should try to repeat the project soon.

Rotarians from Alberta, Canada, and Montana recently joined hands across the border in a ceremony observing the 25th anniversary of the establishment of the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park. Nearly 200 Rotarians attended the two-day assembly. Alberta and Montana Rotarians helped to plan and establish the park as a joint International Service project in the early 1930s.

Members of the Rotary Club of UNADILLA, N. Y., and GANANOQUE, ONT., CANADA, held an intercity meeting in GANANOQUE some months back. The two-day affair began with a boat ride among the Thousand Islands, ended with a luncheon for members and wives. Writes a

The 90-year-old Clarke School for the Deaf in Northampton, Mass., is a training school for children and for teachers. Miss Marjana Pavlic, of Yugoslavia, is attending the school with the aid of a \$700 scholarship given her by the local Rotary Club. With her here is E. Otto Kollmorgen, last year's Club President. Pictured behind them is the late Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, president-emerita of the school and widow of a former President of the United States. She personally thanked the Club for its aid to Miss Pavlic.

Photo: Herrick



Club spokesman: "As we broke up and started for home, I am sure many of us realized more fully the tremendous impact for peace and international goodwill that Rotary provides."

The Rotary Club of CHARLESTON, S. C., invited a group of naval officers from ten countries to its meeting recently. The officers were from The Philippines, France, Turkey, Formosa, Greece, Spain, Japan, Norway, Germany, and the United States. All were attending a naval school in CHARLESTON.

In New Jersey, Army officers from many lands who are attending a U. S. Army Signal School at Fort Monmouth are also learning a bit about the people and communities of the United States through a program inaugurated by the Rotary Club of RED BANK. Each week several officers from the school are guests of the Club at its Thursday-noon meeting.

Fireside Powwow

Ever since the Rotary Club of St. Johns, Nfld., Canada, held its first fireside meeting years ago, this type of informal Rotary discussion group has become more and more popular. The Rotary Club of BURLINGAME, CALIF., has outlined its recent fireside meeting: A panel including Monroe F. Brown, of BURLINGAME, Governor of District 513, and five other Past Presidents of the Club discussed the origin and present objectives of Rotary. Club members acted out a skit emphasizing Rotary's classification principle, and Governor Brown concluded the evening with a resume of Rotary's history in San Mateo County.

From MIAMI BEACH, FLA., where the sunny clime eliminates the need for fireplaces in most residences, a local Rotary Club spokesman asks rhetorically, "How can we hold fireside meetings?" Well, his Club's most recent solution: meet about the swimming pool of a member's home. They call it a "poolside" meeting, and from all reports the Rotary fellowship is no less warm.

Home Again—and to Work

The patients at Fort Canje Hospital, British Guiana, are currently receiving the benefits of the education Miss Joyce Owen obtained while she was the guest of the International Service Committee of the Rotary Club of KITCHENER-WATERLOO, ONT., CANADA. Miss Owen began her year's study of Canada's nursing practices with the help of that Rotary Club's Golden Anniversary Year project. Her program included instruction in local hospitals, and she also travelled to St. THOMAS, LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, and OTTAWA to learn what is being done in Canada for the mentally ill. After returning to her native country, she assumed the duties of matron of the Mental Hospital at Fort Canje. Writes a Club member: "Her stay in Canada has established a small international tie, for while she took a little bit of Canada back to British Guiana with her, she also left some of her native country with all who had contact with her in Canada."



"THERE'S a little wheel a'turnin' round in my heart" according to a Negro spiritual. And that little wheel came to be a real symbol for the Drexel Varsity Singers during their seven-week European tour, for it represented not only the wheels which carried them through five countries, but the Rotary wheel of service as well. You see, these 39 students from Drexel Institute of Technology in Philadelphia, Pa., had been designated by the Rotary Club of Philadelphia as its "singing ambassadors."

Their Rotary portfolio was carried in a letter to European Rotary Clubs from the Philadelphia Club: "There is a true complement to the goal of international understanding, goodwill, and peace to which the business and professional men united in Rotary aspire; it is the universal language of music. So that we may bring to Rotarians our most cordial greetings in this universal language, we have commissioned the Varsity Singers as Philadelphia Rotary's 'singing ambassadors.'"

The Singers, whose founder and director is Professor Wallace Heaton, are undergraduate students whose professional aspirations range from fashion designing to engineering. They sing for the love of singing.



Miss Elizabeth King and her fellow "singing ambassadors" present greetings from the Rotary Club of Philadelphia, Pa., to Rudolph Lawin, 1956-57 President of the Rotary Club of Bad Oeynhausen, Germany.

The young men and women financed most of the tour themselves, and the Institute contributed the balance, confident that the investment in international understanding would yield handsome dividends.

And how it did! The group sang at European schools and at Rotary-sponsored concerts. In Germany the President of the Rotary Club of Bonn arranged a concert for the students in the little palace of La Redoute in Bad Godesberg, where Beethoven and other famous musicians have performed. In Saarbrücken, the Rotary Club and the University of the Saar entertained the Singers at dinner and a reception following a concert at the University. Dr. Alfred Müller-Rappard, then President of the Saarbrücken Club, said: "The concert gave us all fine thoughts of peace and understanding through the universal tongue of music."

In Bad Oeynhausen, Germany [see photo], the Singers gave a concert in the Kur-Park before 1,500 guests, after which the Rotary Club had arranged a supper and an opportunity for them to meet German students. In Cork, Ireland, Rotarians dined them and with true Irish hospitality took them into their homes and for drives through the lovely Irish countryside. Said then Club President William J. F. Smith, "There isn't one member of the group I would not be proud to have for my own son or daughter."

Councillor Patrick Stirling, J. P., Lord Mayor of the City of Westminster, London, accepted the Rotary greetings on behalf of the Rotary Club of London, and replied with this note to the Philadelphia Rotary Club: "I have had the pleasure this morning of welcoming the Varsity Singers here in the City Hall. I am sure these visits do much to promote good understanding between our countries."

Indeed, as the Philadelphia Rotary Club said in its letter: "These ambassadors are our youth, our promise of a better tomorrow, a lyric, confident, friendly voice which heralds an era of increased international understanding."

—DOROTHY H. BONNELL

He Gave It All Away



A. B. De Haan, Sr., Sioux City mink farmer and Rotarian, and a few hundred of the thousands of cages in which he keeps mink.

How a gift of mink—thousands of them—has laid the foundation for a great cultural boom in Sioux City, Iowa.

UNTIL he gave it away not long ago, A. B. De Haan, Sr., of Sioux City, Iowa, owned the second-largest mink farm in his State. With a breeding stock of 1,800 choice animals and a total population of 8,000 mink during the Summer months, his farm represents an investment of \$250,000. It also represents the material result of nearly 30 years of productive work by Rotarian De Haan.

Because of the gift and the enthusiasm it generated, Sioux Citians are planning to build during the next 20 years a cultural center with a million-dollar symphony hall, a million-dollar art institute, a half-million-dollar historical museum, a million-dollar library, site improvements worth half a million dollars, and a million-dollar endowment. It will also house a little theater and facilities for numerous societies and clubs.

A. B. De Haan, who served for eight years as a missionary in China before he entered business, dismisses his generosity this way: "For more than 70 years I have enjoyed what men and women before me provided for my pleasure and benefit. It is only fair that I do something for those to come."

His biggest task, he feels, still lies before him. It is persuading fellow well-to-do citizens to will a percentage of their estates to the cultural-center foundation. "The city helped you succeed," he tells them. "Therefore, when you die, you should leave a part of your fortune to the great things which a city should build."

At the same time he is reminding his friends that they can't take it with them, A. B. De Haan, a member of the Rotary Club of Sioux City since 1921, is plowing more money into the cultural-center project.



He still operates the mink ranch, but pays rent of at least \$25,000 a year to the Foundation. He also plans to donate to it an additional \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year, and to leave it the residue of his estate. It is expected that in 20 or 25 years his total contribution will reach one million dollars, enough to pay for the proposed center's symphony hall.

Rotarian De Haan's love of classical music started him on the road to his record gift. In 1946 he headed a drive to raise funds for Sioux City's excellent symphony orchestra, which was then playing only two concerts a year. Today the 72-piece orchestra is giving 16 concerts a season. Musical interest in Sioux City (pop. 84,000) is at a peak, and 1,800 children in the elementary and high schools play in their own orchestras and bands.

Now Rotarian De Haan is dreaming of an association to extend the benefits of the cultural center to all towns within a 75-mile radius of Sioux City, and particularly to give the children of those towns their first taste of great music and great art.

It's the kind of a chance the kindly philanthropist didn't have when he was a boy, and he doesn't want the children of the Sioux City area to miss the enrichment of life which good art and music and books bring.

A. B. De Haan is a dreamer, he admits. "But dreams start things going and in time they materialize," he points out. "The only thing needed is someone who dares to dream."

What's Happened to the Old Farm

[Continued from page 27]

milked dry. Instantly they were released and three more cows took their places.

"Just like a factory," Martin yelled. I nodded.

"Where is the 'gentleman cow'?" I asked.

Bob shook his head.

"We don't keep a bull anymore," he laughed. "We breed our cows artificially. That way we get away from the danger of a bull on the premises and at the same time we're upgrading our herd. Our butterfat production now averages better than 375 pounds for a 40-cow herd. They tell us that's plenty good, but we hope to average 400 pounds in a few more years."

Meanwhile, my wife was enjoying a tour of the large farmhouse. It had been remodelled five years ago. There was a sparkling kitchen equipped with a dishwasher, spacious cabinets, running water, and tiled walls. The big bathroom featured a shower and a bathtub that looked like a page out of a home magazine. Indirect lighting, carpeted floors, walnut panelling, and a large recreation room in the basement made it as attractive as any city home.

At supper that evening Martin and his wife described plans for a month's tour of the Southwest. "We're going during the Winter months," they explained. "Last year we were in Mexico City for two weeks. Two years ago we went to California. Three years ago it was Florida."

Martin caught my look of surprise. He chuckled softly.

"Quite different from what it was when you helped us back in the '20s," he commented. "Farming is as different from what it was in those days as a jet airplane is from my old Model T. We've become more efficient. Nowadays a farmer has to be a businessman as well as an agriculturist. We have to keep a good set of books. We must keep up with the times. For instance, we didn't know much about soil erosion in the old days. Ten years ago I had a technician devise a soil-conservation program for me. That plan healed my gullies, stopped sheet erosion, and increased production on my acres. That, along with the coming of electricity through the Rural Electrification Administration, has been one of the biggest factors in successful operation of my farm."

Modernization, as Martin points out, is the key to modern farms. No matter where you go in the United States and many other countries, you'll find

MARCH, 1958



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Rotary Foundation Contributions

SINCE the report in the last issue of Rotary Clubs that have contributed to The Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member, 44 Clubs have become 100 percenters for the first time. (This brings the total first-time 100 percenters since July 1, 1957, to 177.) As of January 14, 1958, \$202,814 had been received since July 1, 1957. The latest first-time 100 percent contributors (with Club membership in parentheses) are:

AUSTRALIA
Lockhart (19).

AUSTRIA
Salzburg (46).

BELGIUM
Nivelles (26); Seraing (35); Wavre (23).

CANADA
Shediac, N. B. (15); Salmo, B. C. (20); Orangeville, Ont. (46).

CUBA
Guantánamo (29).

DENMARK
Helsingør-Elsinore (37).

FEDERATION OF MALAYA
Kuala Lumpur (80).

FRANCE

Dinan-sur-Rance (34); Bergerac (41); Cauterets et la Vallée des Gaves (24); Villeneuve-sur-Lot (31); Clermont-Ferrand (56); Béziers (42).

GERMANY

Hildesheim (27); Stade (28); Bad Oeynhausen (25); Baden-Baden (32); Nuremberg (55).

THE NETHERLANDS

Hoorn (28).

NORWAY

Horten (30).

PERU

Chosica (20).

SWEDEN

Kungsör (21); Vara (34); Kisa (28).

SWITZERLAND

Rheinfelden-Fricktal (26); La Chaux-de-Fonds (48); Toggenburg (30).

UNITED STATES

Vandalia, Ill. (40); Cayce, S. C. (25); Cardington, Ohio (29); Grand Lake, Colo. (20); Edina, Minn. (22); Marion, S. C. (33); Siler City, N. C. (67); Monticello, Ark. (34); Arlington Heights, Ill. (25); Hartsville, S. C. (65); Anguilla, Miss. (35); Rock Springs, Wyo. (34); Liberty, N. C. (30).

new and improved machinery making possible agricultural advancement.

You'll find it true in the cotton fields of Mississippi, where one mechanical picker does the work of 30 men. Or in the apple orchards of Virginia, where powerful truck-mounted sprayers mist a tree with insecticide in one powerful blast. You'll see giant diesel tractors lightening the task of cane gathering in Puerto Rico, jeeps speeding cowboys from place to place on the ranches of Wyoming, and giant wheat fields from Texas to Alberta being swept by fleets of combines that follow the harvesting season northward. You'll see the agricultural revolution happening in the Union of South Africa and Australia, in Brazil and Germany, and in many other lands.

If a farmer of, say, 50 years ago visited a modern farm, he would blink his eyes in amazement. He probably had used oxen at one time in his farming program. Horses began to replace oxen as first iron, and then steel, plows came into use. In 1860, back in those troubled days before the outbreak of the U. S. Civil War, a movable steam engine was designed that pulled a six-bottom plow. Built at a cost of \$4,000 and weighing about ten tons, it ran fitfully, but it did plow 2.83 acres in 72 minutes.

Gasoline tractors did not become popular until well after World War I. By 1930 the corn picker began to make headway. Oddly enough, the basic prin-

ciples of the snapping-roll corn picker were patented in 1847, but it was not until 80 years later that it became an accepted piece of farming equipment.

The big trend toward larger farms started after World War II, but America still has large numbers of small farms of 160 acres and less. The trick of efficient farming of small acreages seems to lie in good management, ambition, and ingenuity.

Farm authorities like Bob Hodgson, head of the experiment station at Waseca, Minnesota, say there is no danger of the big corporation type of farm ever driving the small farmer out of existence. "The intelligent, hard-working independent small farmer can farm rings around a corporation farm," he declares. Why? Because he's farming his own land. He's willing to put in long hours, to sacrifice his comforts and luxuries to make a success of his own operations. The manager of a corporation farm really hasn't the incentive for those sacrifices."

It isn't just the farm equipment and the methods of farming that have changed. The educational setup has changed, too. When Martin was a boy, he attended a one-room school where he was taught to read and write. Today his grandchildren are attending a brand-new elementary school where the finest kind of equipment and teaching methods are available.

Those teachers and schools possibly are a big improvement over what were

offered to Martin 50 years ago. But if they educate a crop of boys and girls who turn out to be as good and decent and hard working as Martin and his wife, then they'll be doing the job for which they were intended.

The evening of our second day I caught Martin in a philosophical mood. We were sitting on the screened front porch watching the fireflies dance above the lawn. Martin waved his pipe in the direction of his son, who was plowing by the aid of tractor headlights.

"Sometimes," he said slowly, "I can't help wondering if we really have progressed. In the old days we had time to visit with our neighbors. Now I'm lucky to get a wave from them as we pass them on the highway. Yes, threshing was hard work, but it got us all together; it was a kind of social event. We miss the old-time dances, too."

He puffed on his pipe for a moment. "We've got all this laborsaving equipment, but I wonder about it sometimes. We make two bushels of corn grow where only one grew 30 years ago, but what are we doing with it? Storing it away so that it can rot in a Government bin? We're making more money than ever before, but we're using it on luxuries we don't really need—fine cars, vacation trips, nice clothes. We've added years to our lives, but are we really enjoying them, doing something with them?"

He got up and walked to the screen door, staring at the distant tractor lights.

"We've advanced so fast these past 15 years that sometimes it scares me," he said.

I interrupted his soliloquy. "Your boy Bob out there on the tractor," I said. "How does he feel about all this?"

Martin turned and looked at me, a slow smile spreading over his face. "Now that you mention it," he said, "Bob is happy as a lark. His wife, La-Vonne, loves their modern little house. Their kids have a beautiful school—and bus service right to the door. Why, just last week Bob was asking me what I thought about buying one of those new forage harvesters—you know, the machine that moves down the field and chops up any kind of crop for storage. The thing costs about \$2,000 . . . but, well, I'm letting Bob make more and more of the decisions. From here on it's pretty much his problem."

THERE is nothing grateful but the earth; you cannot do too much for it: it will continue to repay tenfold the pains and labor bestowed upon it.

—Lord Ravensworth

MARCH, 1958



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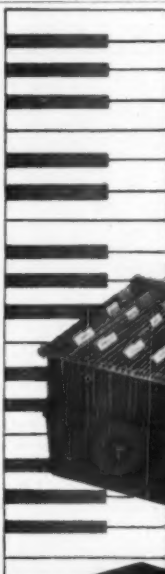
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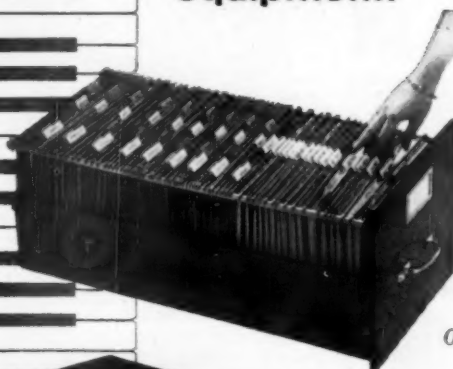
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Opinion

FROM LETTERS, TALKS,
ROTARY PUBLICATIONS

'I'm a Rotary Secretary'

FRANK R. VERNOTZKY, Tire Distributor
Secretary, Rotary Club
Natchez, Mississippi

I'm a Rotary Club Secretary and I like it. I'm the fellow who has to be able to read hieroglyphics to decipher attendance signatures, know who was at Rotary even if cards go home in pockets, mark make-ups even though I do not receive notice, catch it when the six months' attendance summary comes out and every Rotarian is not 100 percent, write the bulletin, keep everyone advised of everything, and do anything else the President or Board directs or doesn't want to do. . . . I've always been unhappy with "belongers" and accepted the Secretary opportunity because I would be sure of doing my part as a Rotarian. . . . Yes, I have another job that pays me to support my family and pay my Rotary dues, but I like to be Rotary Secretary for no pay because I know 85 fine fellows, they know me, and we're all doing a service to our community.

The Cult of Violence

R. L. SONI, M.D., Rotarian
Physician and Surgeon
Mandalay, Federation of Malaya

The contemporary world is not the world that it was yesterday. It is a peculiar world, full of powerful potentialities; and the worst is that these may spell terrible malevolence as easily as great benevolence. Unless the trends are given a conscious direction and besides duly coursed along wholesome lines, there is every danger of our dear little globe in due course getting briskly aflame as a whole and becoming a lifeless planet. To avert that terrible catastrophe every member of the human family owes it as his or her sacred duty to do all that is possible to nullify the cult of violence. . . . There is hardly a country that is free from its operations and hardly any peoples who have not experienced it. It is high time that the genesis of this evil be looked into in the context of modern conditions and life, and practicable techniques devised properly to combat it. We cannot think of a better world organization than Rotary to take up this, though onerous and ponderous but certainly benevolent, task.—From a Rotary Club address.

Take Rotary Seriously

C. L. SNELL, Rotarian
Chiropractor
Scotia, New York

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MARCH, 1958

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thing we just talk about. Service! We seldom try to define it; we feel that we don't have to, since it is a real, living, moving, vital force and since it is a genuine Rotary tradition we spontaneously respond to it. We should respond to it instinctively because Rotary is service. Service to one's Club should possess the individual. If any one word denotes Rotary, and if any one word is the mark of a Rotarian, it is "service." To permit Rotary, within ourselves, to lose any of its color and glamour is like permitting our best silverware to become tarnished. One never stands so straight as when he stoops to serve and so to be touched by the magic of Rotary. Take Rotary seriously.—From *Rotalette*, publication of the *Rotary Club of Scotia, New York*.

The Purpose of Democracy

ROBERTO BIGAZZI
Exchange Student
Nott Terrace High School
Schenectady, New York

To be mature means to be willing and able to take responsibilities: this means independence, and democracy to be alive needs people with a strong sense of independence. These responsibilities are implied in the rights that democracy gives to men. First of all, by the very definition of democracy, every man has the right to vote. This

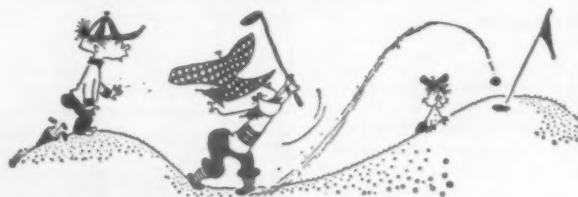
does not mean that one can vote if he wants to, but it means that one has to make his own choice and has to vote. This is the very first purpose of democracy: to give to men the chance to rule themselves. There is no reason for having a democracy if the citizens think only of their selfish purposes, instead of working for everyone's welfare.—From an address before the *Rotary Club of Schenectady, New York*.

Re: Cliques in Rotary

B. J. MEHTA, Rotarian
Banker
Nausari, India

What factors are responsible for the formation of cliques in Rotary Clubs? Among them I would include these:

1. A lack of understanding of the real spirit of the Rotary movement. There must be a real understanding of the spirit of fellowship, of accommodation, of sacrifice and service for the noble cause of Rotary.
2. Lack of good programs which will result in some members seeking jointly other ways of channelling their efforts and interests. The Program Committee is an important cog in the Rotary wheel.
3. Rigidity in Club administration which attracts those who would forget the goal of Club fellowship.
4. A desire or craving for power, stat-



They Made It In One!



Six Rotarians who went from tee to cup in one stroke, thus qualifying for membership in the Hole-in-One Club of this Magazine.



(Top left) Thomas R. Remsen, Glens Falls, N. Y., Glens Falls Country Club, 127 yds.; (top right) John C. LaFave, Houston, Tex., Humble Club Course, 126 yds.; (left to right) Paul E. Shull, Waynesboro, Pa., Waynesboro Country Club, 140 yds.; Peter W. D. Fairbarns, Bangkok, Thailand, Royal Bangkok Sports Club, 216 yds.; Frank H. Ricketson, Jr., Denver, Colo., Denver Country Club, 160 yds.; Russell H. Winters, Green Bay, Wis., Shorewood Golf Club, 205 yds.

us, or position. Such things should come to the real Rotarian by dint of service, not through cliques that would substitute "politics" for service. Club preservation should prevail over self-preservation.

'Women Want Chance to Share'

MRS. S. KENDRICK GUERNSEY
Wife of Past President of
Rotary International
Jacksonville, Florida

You instruct your candidates for membership very thoroughly in the objects and aims of the movement, but neglect to give a basic indoctrination to the very people who will be most instrumental in encouraging and reminding members to live up to their responsibilities as Rotarians: the wives.

We women want . . . just the chance to share with our husbands the higher moral climate that is generated in Rotary. I believe that with a wife's informed help he can be a stronger pillar in any Club.—From an address before the Rotary Club of South Jacksonville, Florida.

Fellowship

FRANK SALINAS, Rotarian
Motor-Court Owner
Hebbronville, Texas

Fellows, let's try to be friendly;
Everyone should do his best.

Learning and practicing our Four-Way Test.

Leading our conscience for the best.

Only what we put, we get,

Wishing to serve, all the way,

Service above Self, every day.

Hoping to help each other,

In this God's earth, together,

Praying, for peace, for the better.

Highway to Oblivion

MICHAEL J. KELLY, Accountant
President, Rotary Club
Republic, Pennsylvania

In Rotary, lack of coöperation can be defined as the decline of the Rotary spirit. This immediately makes itself felt in poor attendance. Good attendance is the backbone of Rotary. When attendance is poor, it must follow that the entire work of the Club is poor; morale sinks to a low ebb; fellowship suffers; projects are neglected. The four great

avenues of service then become a four-lane highway to the Club's oblivion.—
From a Rotary Club address.

Re: Conversation in Rotary

COL. C. L. PERSING, Rotarian
Headmaster, Western Military
Academy
Alton, Illinois

Rotary International should provide a training program to raise the level of conversation from trivia to solid comment. Each Club should have a Committee on how to talk better and how to

listen with more understanding and sympathy. Emphasis should be placed on the idea that being a Rotarian—a talking, singing, laughing member, whether he does anything else in the Club (except pay his dues and assessments)—is a great personal service to his family, his business associates, his community. For by satisfying his herd instinct, the Club provides him with a pleasant environment for social thinking. It provides an opportunity to talk, to relax, to be heard as he forgets himself or at least sidetracks his worry

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MARCH, 1958

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about himself or his business. Every Rotary meeting with good conversation about little, unimportant topics, discussions about cabbages and kings, Committee meetings which help us to shift responsibility for immediate action—all these are good insurance against ulcers caused by worry and strain. There is no greater compliment that can be given to the Rotary Club or a member than to say that real fellowship exists when a fellow can be conciliatory, respectful, and understanding of a point of view other than his own.—From a Rotary Club address.

Re: Rotary's Job

ARTHUR TANNENBAUM, *Rotarian*
Pharmaceuticals Wholesaler
Krugersdorp, Union of South Africa
Driving along a busy public highway, I was following another car. Suddenly it swerved around a brick lying in the road. As there was a fairly long line of cars, I presume they all swerved around the brick. As I approached, I knew that it was my job to stop and remove that brick. It was an obstacle on the highway, and was impeding the progress of the traffic and for sure was going to cause an accident.

That is Rotary's job! Along life's highway there are many "bricks" and because all too often the bricks are left lying around, there is much resultant unhappiness. Rotary is supposed to make Rotarians aware of the fact that their job is the smoothing of life's

highway. Every day an opportunity presents itself for the trained man—the Rotarian—to handle in such a manner that life is made easier for someone less fortunate than himself.

The Issue: To Find What Is Right

NICOS G. DIMITRIOU, *Rotarian*
Sulphur Olive-Oil Manufacturer
Larnaca, Cyprus

The trouble with mankind is that we are all trying to prove who is right. But the issue at stake is to find what is right. I think that Rotary can help in this discovery of right.

A war of ideas and ideals is being fought in the world today. To win it we must have better ideas and ideals than our adversaries. We can never beat Communism through a negative attitude. We must be able to offer something better in its place.

Rotary is not a political system and therefore in itself cannot be the answer to Communism. But if certain individuals who hold positions of responsibility in the handling of the fortunes of nations would care to consider what Rotary believes—its credo of "Service above Self"—and would try to plot their course under this light, then I think we would be going a very long way toward finding what the answer to Communism should be. Thus Rotary's influence could be salutary to many of the present ills of mankind—social, economic, political, and international.—From a District Assembly address.

Your Letters

[Continued from page 2]

have Rotary and similar movements ever at work, we need never fear for the ultimate universal brotherhood of man.

A Discussion Recalled

By JOSEPH H. BARBOUR, *Rotarian*
Clothing Retailer
Lake Charles, Louisiana

The article *The Psychotherapeutic Value of Travel*, by Helgi Tomasson, Icelandic psychiatrist and a Past Director of Rotary International [THE ROTARIAN for January], reminded me of a conversation several of us had a number of weeks ago. Someone asked the question: "In all your observations and Rotary experience, have you ever found or known of a Rotarian who is or was a patient of a psychiatrist?" None present knew of any.

It's my view that a Rotarian is an extrovert, thus not a candidate for psychiatry.

'I Would Study My Language'

By GEORGE E. CARROTHERS, *Rotarian*
Former High-School Teacher
Ann Arbor, Michigan

If I were 16, I would study my native English language with such an earnestness as to startle my teachers [see *If*

I Were 16 Again, symposium THE ROTARIAN for December]. I would learn how to scan daily papers and magazines. I would learn to read history and biography rapidly and with understanding. I would learn to express ideas and meanings in few words, both orally and in writing.

My life would then be broader, richer, more useful, and happier.

As a teacher of science and mathematics in high school, if I knew English, I would be able to stir up teen-agers to the great importance of knowing English. When a person can read and understand a problem, he can usually solve it. The "story" problems are the ones that bother high-school pupils: they cannot read the problems. Success in engineering, medicine, law, nursing, and other professions, as well as success and enjoyment in homemaking and abundant living, depend to a large degree on the ability to understand and use one's native language. Educated, interested teachers and parents can confer on 16-year-olds a great blessing by teaching them the importance of really knowing English.

'Plan Well for Retirement'

Says L. W. BRUEMMER, *Rotarian*
Retired YMCA Secretary
New Haven, Connecticut

Retirement is a vital topic of conversation among many of my friends.

Some of them have retired and others are nearing the age when they can change the pace of their activities. Some are giving up their active careers with resentment and disappointment. Others are embarking on new and exciting adventures, somewhat akin to the "retreads" which Jean Muir mentions in her splendid article *Retirees to the Rescue* [THE ROTARIAN for December]. The exchange of experiences, sometimes frustrating, sometimes reassuring, gives warning or encouragement to those who are planning for their days of retirement.

It is quite clear that a retired person can be as busy as a beaver, not only with his hobbies, chores, and travel, but also with voluntary and employed services to his church, his college, and his community organizations. When a "person of leisure" begins planning his time, he usually becomes concerned not so much with "nothing to do" as with the question "When am I going to play with my grandchildren, fish, play golf, watch television, read, study, and meet the gang for cards and cracker-barrel arguments?"

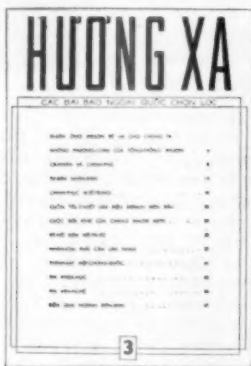
Retirement can be made a continuing life adventure with exciting experiences, close friendships, and new interests. It provides opportunities for exploring fields of study and visiting places of interest for which there had never been time.

It behooves everyone to gather facts, maintain health, and plan well in advance so that retirement days will truly become the golden years of life.

Compton in Huong Xa

Reports FRANCES G. ROBINSON
United States Information Agency
Washington, D. C.

Rotarians around the world will, I believe, be interested in knowing that a recent issue of *Huong Xa* (Review of Reviews) contains a Vietnamese trans-



lation of *We Need Each Other*, by Arthur Holly Compton, which appeared in THE ROTARIAN for April, 1957.

Huong Xa is a monthly published by the U. S. Information Service in Saigon to acquaint Vietnamese leaders with American ideas as expressed by outstanding writers in major American periodicals. It has a circulation of approximately 5,000 copies.

MARCH, 1958

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**But, after an honest trial, if you're
at all like the other men to whom I've
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Don't jump at conclusions. I'm not a manufacturer of any fancy new lure. I have no reels or lines to sell. I'm a professional man and make a good living in my profession. But my all-absorbing hobby is fishing. And, quite by accident, I've discovered how to go to waters that most fishermen say are fished out and come in with a good catch of the biggest bass that you ever saw. The savage old bass that got so big, because they were "wise" to every ordinary way of fishing.

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This amazing method was developed by a little group of professional fishermen. Though they were public guides, they rarely divulged their method to their patrons. They used it only when fishing for their own tables. It is possible that no man on your waters has ever seen it, ever heard of it, or ever used it. And when you have given it the first trial, you will be as closed-mouthed as a man who has suddenly discovered a gold mine. Because with this method you can fish with in a hundred feet of the best fishermen in the county

and pull in ferocious big ones while they come home empty handed. No special skill is required. The method is just as deadly in the hands of a novice as in the hands of an old timer. My method will be disclosed only to those men in each area who will give me their word of honor not to give the method to anyone else.

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Eric S. Fare, Libertyville 17, Illinois

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HOBBY *Hitching Post*

WHEN ROTARIAN R. E. FARRA, of Doncaster, England, retired as a railway man in 1954, he had 48 years of transportation service behind him. He then decided to take up a hobby, which he describes below—and which proves that no railway man ever really leaves railroading.

AFTER nearly a half century in the British railway system, I retired with my interest in railroading as great as it ever was. The world of locomotives and steel rails still fascinated me, and I wanted to remain a part of it. So I turned to a hobby, one that I had begun during my working years: the collecting of all kinds of items of historical interest in the field of rail transportation. This includes not only railroad equipment, but also documents, prints and photographs, tickets, advertisements, maps and guides, banners, and so on.

Now, a collection of any kind requires a place for safekeeping and display. The railway items I collect are turned over to the curator of the Railway Museum in York, England, founded in 1922 by the old North Eastern Railway Company. It is under the supervision of the British Transport Commission, and it includes two separate buildings: one for small exhibits, another for large ones. When I began this hobby at the close of my railroad career, I offered my services, gratis, to the Museum as a searcher for railway relics, and they were eagerly accepted.

Among the small exhibits on display is the plan made by George Stephenson in 1822 for the Stockton & Darlington Railway, the first public passenger railway in the world. In the large-exhibit section is an engine with overhead gearing built by Stephenson for colliery work in 1822, seven years before the "Rocket," popularly supposed to have been the first engine in the world. There is also a colliery engine called the "Agenoria," its structure almost identical to the first engine used in the U.S.A. Nowhere else in the world can be seen under one roof full-size locomotives, the wonder engines of their day, that mark the progress of railway transportation from its birth to the present time.

The hunting I do for significant objects is personally satisfying, even on those occasions when the hunt proves fruitless. My quests keep me in touch with other railway men, both active and retired, and with others not connected with the industry but still interested in preserving its history for our generation and those to come. Also, there's a Rotary side to all this—and that makes it doubly rewarding. To track down leads on many items, I often visit towns in different parts of England, and this gives me an opportunity to attend other

Rotary Clubs and to meet new Rotarians.

From my experience so far, I have learned never to pass up a lead on a useful item, or to feel that helpful information is obtainable only through railway sources. Actually, this hobby is full of surprises. A chat with a Rotarian one day, a fellow without any railway connections, led me to a clock specially built to celebrate the opening of the Stockton & Darlington Railway Company, the pioneer of the present British railway system, in 1825. Another conversation, this one with a veteran railway man, resulted in the donation of a prospectus, dated 1818, pertaining to a meeting of investors to discuss the raising of \$124,000, the estimated cost of building the Stockton & Darlington road.

Other items include the board-room table used by the directors of the Stockton & Darlington Railway, a 100-year-old ivory gavel used by the board chairmen of three of Britain's early railways, and a ruling pen used by the first chairman of the old Great Northern Railway. Whistles, timetables, excursion bills, old notices prohibiting smoking in stations and on trains, and even a Bible are some of the other relics I have discovered and turned over to the Museum.

The Bible's significance as an item in this collection needs explanation. Train riders, then as now, would arrive at a station with some time to spare before departing, and would read until they could board their train. The British and Foreign Bible Society saw an opportunity to encourage travellers to read the Bible during their station waits, and so it donated to the Stockton & Darlington Railway a Bible for the use of first-class passengers waiting for trains at Darlington. It is this Bible that I discovered.

One of my most recent and important discoveries is the apprenticeship indentures entered into with George Stephenson by Edward Fletcher, one-time locomotive superintendent of the Stockton & Darlington Railway. The indentures are signed by Stephenson himself.

Other items tell a great deal about railroad operation during the industry's beginning years. There are documents indicating management's dominant position over labor in the early 1800s, a period when trade unionism was making its first appearances on the industrial scene. Other papers show that as recent as 50 years ago, the wages of many rail officials were no more than £76 a year, while those of clerks, porters, and guards ranged from about 5 to 25 shillings a week.



Farra

Some small plates in the collection give evidence of the financial difficulties faced by some of the early lines. In need of operating cash, a company would virtually pawn its rolling stock, and a metal plate would be attached to the equipment to indicate ownership. One plate, for example, bears the inscription "The Property of the Railway Rolling Stock Trust Limited."

My voluntary efforts for the Railway Museum are not only affording me much pleasure, but are also adding to my knowledge of all phases of railway operation. Railroading is the kind of business that gets into a man's system and stays there, even after he's no longer active in it. I find excitement in discovering these museum pieces, and I welcome information about relics relating to any aspect of railway operation in Great Britain. If there are readers who possess such information, I shall appreciate hearing from them. My address is 3 Dunleary Road, Doncaster, England. I feel that all leads are worth checking, either in person or by writing.

What's Your Hobby?

A number of readers of this Magazine would like to know your hobby interest. Will you let THE HOBBYHORN GROOM tell them? If so, and if you are a Rotarian or the wife or child of a Rotarian, just drop THE GROOM a line, and he will list your name below one of these months. His only request is that you acknowledge correspondence which might come your way.

Stamps: Anthony Brown (15-year-old son of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange Australian stamps for those of Canada, U.S.A., England, New Zealand, and Union of South Africa on Gibbons Catalogue basis), Acacia St., Katoomba, Australia.

Stamps: Jim Wietzke (14-year-old son of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange with persons aged 13-15 in the British Empire and Israel), 104 N. Oliver, Charlotte, Mich., U.S.A.

Ancient Coins: Clem Rowe (collects and studies ancient Roman and Greek coins; will buy, exchange, or correspond), Box 568, Brandenburg, Ky., U.S.A.

Old Coins: Mrs. Doran S. Callahan (wife of Rotarian—collects old coins; will exchange duplicates), P. O. Box 114, Painter, Va., U.S.A.

Boy Scouts: Ken Rudge (15-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes to swap Scout name tags and badges), 253 Esplanade, Cairns, Australia.

Coins; Stamps: B. M. Sapat (collects old coins and stamps; will exchange), "Krishna Kutir," Opp: Post Office, Ratlam, India.

Stamps: Oel Bong Ie (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange Indonesian stamps for those of other countries), Idjen 21, Malang, Indonesia.



"Perhaps it will take John's mind off his business worries for a while."

MARCH, 1958

Postcards: Patrick Bradley (son of Rotarian—collects postcards; will exchange stamps for postcards), 4881 N. Wishon, Fresno 4, Calif., U.S.A.

Stamps: Mrs. Chas. Willis (wife of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange U. S. and foreign [name country desired] for United Nations, Rotary, precancelled, airmails), Cassville, Mo., U.S.A.

Rotary International Official Directory: Hartley C. Gove (wishes copies of Rotary International Official Directory in fairly good condition from 1932-1933 to 1952-53), 1135 Landis Ave., Vineland, N. J., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: The following have indicated their interest in having pen friends:

Marjory Smith (10-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with young people aged 10-12 in Canada, France, Australia; interested in music and travel), 3929 Elston St., Lake Charles, La., U.S.A.

Janet Stubbs (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—likes horseback riding, movies, sports, collecting travel brochures), 41, Maud St., Florida, Union of South Africa.

Monica Tilley (11-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes friends outside U.S.A.; interested in stamps, music, Girl Scouts), 33 Fisher St., Amherst, Mass., U.S.A.

Carole Gitomer (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends outside U.S.A.; likes popular music, sports), 432 W. Berkeley St., Uniontown, Pa., U.S.A.

Cynthia Dale (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wants pen pals outside U.S.A. and Canada; likes badminton, football, horseback riding, popular music), 741 South Dr., Fort Gary, Winnipeg 9, Man., Canada.

Cheryl Robinson (9-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interests include stamps, coins, postcards, flower pictures, swimming, tennis), 8956 Hennepin Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y., U.S.A.

Loretta Ann Sigman (10-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like pen friends outside U.S.A.; interested in Girl Scouts, sports, travel), 1427 N. 76th St., Philadelphia 31, Pa., U.S.A.

Hemant H. Kashiparekh (16-year-old son of Rotarian—collects stamps, first-day covers, view cards; interested in sports), 37, Anandnagar Society, Ahmedabad 7, India.

Birgit Burkhard (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals outside U.S.A.; collects air letters, Rotary commemoratives, Asian stamps; will exchange German and American postcards and air letters and stamps of Europe), Box 487, Chester, Mont., U.S.A.

Nancy Lyn Morrill (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in piano, drawing, Girl Scouts), 412 Hampton Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa., U.S.A.

Sherry Hufert (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interests are movies, swimming, reading), 610 King Ave., Marion, Ohio, U.S.A.

Pat Peairs (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interests include current events, music sports; will send stamps to anyone who is interested), 159 Adams Pl., Delmar, N. Y., U.S.A.

Ginger Shiras (11-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with girls her age outside U.S.A.; interests are singing, Girl Scouts, swimming; collects stamps), Box 1430, Mountain Home, Ark., U.S.A.

Rebecca B. Orian (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in collecting stamps, music, sports), Tayabas, The Philippines.

Harish K. Bountra (17-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes pen friends, especially in U.S.A., France, England, The Philippines, The Netherlands, Japan; likes stamp and view-card collecting and photography), c/o Shri R. K. Bountra, Deputy Director of Education, Gorakhpur, India.

Peggy Maddex (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends outside U.S.A.; interested in sports, religion, books), Box 189, Orange, Va., U.S.A.

Susan Cook (11-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in roller skating, collecting matchbook covers and postcards), 145 13th Ave. N. E., St. Petersburg, Fla., U.S.A.

Joan Allen (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—likes reading, baton twirling, collecting recipes), P. O. Box 104, Warton, Ont., Canada.

Rod Collier (12-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes pen friends outside U.S.A.; interested in guns, sports, stamps, world affairs), P. O. Box 175, Dixon, Calif., U.S.A.

Betty Merrick (daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals aged 10-13 from outside U.S.A. and France; likes music, horseback riding, sports), 205 Fifth Ave., Denton, Md., U.S.A.

Beth Ergood (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interests include sports, stamps, music, movies, postcards), Box 66, 245 S. Black Horse Pike, Mount Ephraim, N. J., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORN GROOM



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Stripped GEARS



My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. The following is a favorite of Henry W. Atherton, a Galveston, Texas, Rotarian.

Deep in the swamps of southern Louisiana three men stopped their car and watched a small boy fishing in a roadside lake. After about five minutes of silence one of the men said, "Boy, are there any snakes in this water?"

"Naw, suh, they sure ain't," replied the lad slowly.

The three men left their clothes on the bank and all had a refreshing swim. After dressing, one of the men asked the boy, "How come there aren't any snakes in this lake?"

"The alligators et 'em," replied the boy.

Nomenclature

A pig when dead becomes a pork,
A calf becomes a veal;
So can your appellation change
When you're behind the wheel.

You may be man or woman now,
But a thoughtless road informality
May soon make a casualty out of you,
Or even a final-fatality.

—ROTARIAN JOHN C. VELTMAN

'Hateful' Words

Each of the seven-letter words defined below contains the word "hate."

1. A Scottish shrub. 2. Division of a book. 3. Chopping implement. 4. To talk. 5. A pagan; idol worshipper. 6. To break into many pieces. 7. Case for a sword. 8. To punish, discipline. 9. To give courage to. 10. A French castle or manor house.

This quiz was submitted by Isabel Williams, of St. Clair Shores, Michigan.

Exit X

Here are a number of five-letter words. When you remove "x" from them, you will have four-letter words described below.

1. Toxin. A preposition.
2. Exert. A woody plant.
3. Boxer. An animal.
4. Index. To eat.
5. Vixen. A climbing plant.
6. Exalt. Tardy.
7. Extra. To rip.
8. Exult. A musical instrument.

9. Mixer. Hoarfrost.
10. Relax. True.
11. Texas. Afternoon events.
12. Waxen. To diminish.
13. Exist. Place of a building, etc.
14. Sixth. Strikes.
15. Maxim. To cripple.
16. Exams. Identical.
17. Taxes. A chair.
18. Expel. To pare.
19. Exits. Bonds.
20. Axles. Legal stamp.

This quiz was submitted by Helen Pettigrew, of Charleston, Arkansas.

The answers to these quizzes will be found in the next column.

Twice Told Tales

Oh, well, if you can't get away for a vacation, there is this alternative: You can get the same feeling by staying home and tipping every third person you see.—*The Spoke*, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

Two men were talking. The first man said, "These shoes are so tight, they're killing me." The second man said, "Well, if they're so tight, why don't you take them off?" "Listen," answered the first man, "when I get home tonight, supper won't be ready; and if it is, it won't be

fit to eat. It isn't bad enough I gotta look at my mother-in-law, but I've got to listen to her, too. My daughter married a man I can't stand, and they've got four of the meanest kids that ever walked. The only pleasure I have when I get home is taking off these tight shoes."—*Weekly Bulletin*, SARANAC LAKE, NEW YORK.

It is the ambition of most young couples to own a good home—and a good car in which to get away from it.—*The "Sock-Eye,"* NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA.

The new recruit didn't salute the colonel. "Do you realize who I am?" asked the officer. "I run this entire camp. I'm in charge of 25,000 soldiers."

"You got a good job," said the private, "don't louse it up."—*Rotary Round-Up*, BELLEVILLE, ILLINOIS.

You can never hope to become a skilled conversationalist until you learn how to put your foot tactfully through the television set.—*Rotary Digest*, NEW LONDON, WISCONSIN.

Simple Arithmetic

Most people would be better off
To follow this one rule:

It's wise to take more food for thought
And not so much for fuel!

—DOROTHY ROWLAND MARTIN

Answers to Quizzes

Peel. 19. Ties. 20. Seal.
Rus. 13. Malm. 16. Same. 17. Seat. 18.
10. Reel. 11. Ties. 12. Wane. 13. Site. 14.
5. Vine. 6. Late. 7. Tear. 8. Lute. 9. Rime.
Exit X: 1. Into. 2. Tree. 3. Boar. 4. Dine.
tear.
3. Hatchet. 4. Chapter. 5. Heather. 6. Shatter.
7. Sheathe. 8. Chasten. 9. Hearthen. 10. Cha-
piter. 'Hatchet' Words: 1. Heather. 2. Chapter.

Limerick Corner

The Fixer pays \$5 for the first four lines of an original limerick selected as the month's limerick-contest winner. Address him care of *The Rotarian* Magazine, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

This month's winner comes from Donald C. Davis, an East Pasadena, California, Rotarian. Closing date for last lines to complete it: May 15. The "ten best" entries will receive \$2.

SQUAWK WALK

A loquacious young man named Alonzo
Was told by his girl, "You go on so—
If you don't let me talk,
I'll go out for a walk."

PLATTER MATTER

Here again is the bobtailed limerick presented in *The Rotarian* for November:
A gentleman tramp on the loose
Befriended a wandering goose,
The goose, being grateful,
Laid eggs by the plateful.

Here are the "ten best" last lines:
Which of course he put to good use.

(Mrs. A. Olsson, wife of a Woodville, New Zealand, Rotarian.)

To the joy of the bankrupt recluse.

(Herbert L. Kelton, member of the Rotary Club of Savannah, Georgia.)

"No gold ones?" the tramp yelled in abuse.

(Harold Horne, member of the Rotary Club of Longview, Washington.)

Now they're feeding the whole calaboose.

(George E. Ewan, member of the Rotary Club of Sheridan, Wyoming.)

Now for begging he has no excuse.

(Melvin Hoagenson, member of the Rotary Club of Black River Falls, Wisconsin.)

And the tramp put the eggs to good use.

(C. Louise Johnson, aunt of an Evanston, Illinois, Rotarian.)

And the tramp grew as big as a moose.

(Mrs. Don Davis, wife of an East Pasadena, California, Rotarian.)

But gold ones she couldn't produce.

(Hugh G. Bass, member of the Rotary Club of Lisburn, Northern Ireland.)

The tramp said, "I'm thankful to you."

(Kenneth C. Switzer, member of the Rotary Club of Watonsville, California.)

And besides, she could cook like the deuce.

(G. C. Shannon, member of the Rotary Club of Brockville, Ontario, Canada.)



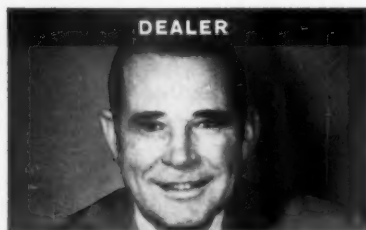
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a BRAND that's made
a NAME for itself.....



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